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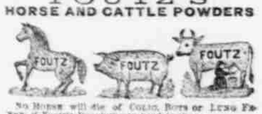

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HEAD
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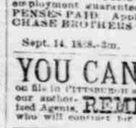

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RUTH'S THANKSGIVING.

"You see just how we're fixed?" said Deacon Obed Carey to Mrs. Elam Skinner.

"Folks come a dreadful ways to look at them hills," said the deacon, irreverently; and, arter all, they ain't no great shakes. Give me a good medder lot, or a field where the yaller pumpkins is a-shinin' out among the shocken corn! That's my notion of beauty! Guess it would be a pretty long while afore anybody raises a crop o' rye out o' the Adirondacks."

And, after all, there was an inkling common sense in the deacon's view things.

Mrs. Elam Skinner lived in a brown farmhouse upon whose shingled roof the gold and scarlet maple-leaves rained down in rustling drifts at every sough of the melancholy wind. There were not two such maple-trees along the whole shores of Champlain as those Mrs. Skinner's grandfather had planted in the Revolutionary days, when he never knew, coming home at night with his ax over his shoulder, whether he should not find his home a heap of smoldering cinders, with the cry of the savage red-skin where his babies' cooing voices had sounded at the morning-tide. He was in his grave, dust and ashes long ago, but the maples renewed their youth with every year.

Mrs. Skinner herself, a wiry compact little woman, in a green gingham dress and winking spectacles, sat darning stockings by the blaze; for she was a thrifty dame, and while she begrudged the wasted moments of twilight, she had no idea of lighting a candle until it was fairly and squarely dark.

Obed Cary occupied the cushioned rocker opposite, tall and brown and loose-jointed, with here and there a silver thread in his dark hair, and hands where the veins stood out like cords. A hard-working man, and a man who accepted his inheritance of toil with a sort of grim satisfaction, he would have afforded no inappropriate type of the New England farmer of the past generation, as he sat there, erect and thin and uncompromising.

And while her elders talked, Ruth Skinner sat close against the chimney-jamb, a tin-pan full of apples in her lap, paring diligently away, with the firelight glinting on her sunny brown hair.

Ruth was small and dimpled, and exquisitely fresh, like the rosy peach which hangs on the south wall after the first frosts, and she had violet-gray eyes, darkening into blue around the edges of the irises, and dewy, scarlet lips, and a slender throat, circled with a string of red woodberries; and, as she worked, there was an unconscious grace in her motions that made you like to look at her.

"Yes," said Mrs. Elam Skinner, answering the deacon's remark; "I see. It was a dreadful unfortunate dispensation that Mrs. Carey should be took away."

"Four years ago this very month," said he deacon, meditatively; "four—years—ago. A household of boys is a tryin' thing, Mrs. Skinner."

"I should think it must be," said the widow.

"And it's a remarkable orderin, of Providence that I should have six boys and you six gals."

"Yes," said Mrs. Skinner, breaking off a needleful of gray yarn; "but my gals has all done well. Malindy, she's married, and lives in Burlington, and Sophrony is teachin' school 'cross the lake, and Sarah's at the factories in Lowell, and Alethea's hired to Squire Hill's these two years, and Kate's doing well at the millinery business, and Ruth, she kind o' makes herself generally useful to hum. Ruth ain't like the others; she ain't good for much."

The deacon hitched his chair, with a grating noise, across the hearth, to get a better view at the little figure bending over the pan of apples.

"She's good to look pretty anyhow," he said, with a rumbrous attempt at a joke.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Skinner, whose respect for the merely ornamental was extremely limited.

"I s'pose Sarah and Sophrony's comin' home on Thanksgivin'?" hazarded Mr. Carey.

Mrs. Skinner nodded briefly.

"Well, that's sort o' providential too," said the deacon, somewhat embarassed. "Bein' you've got so many gals, mebbe you'd spare one."

"Spare one?"

"We hain't no women folks to our house since Hepsibah Duckett stole the spoons and went to Canady; and I set my foot down not to have no more hired help, and it was sort o' forlorn last Thanksgivin' Day, and the boys, way, they missed the turkey, and so I kind o' thought if Miss Ruth wouldn't object to come over and generally her an eye to things, it would be a right o' accommodation."

"I'm willin', if Ruth is," said Mrs. Skinner, composedly.

"We've got a fine a turkey as ever squawked," went on the deacon, "and Jared he fetched in a pumpkin off the side-hill lot, bigger'n a half-barrel, and I bought a peck o' cranberries from Huldy Simons, so there ain't no lack o' things to do with. Want to say, Miss Ruth?"

Ruth hung her head, and blushed like the pink-cheeked apple she had just taken up.

"I—I have no objection, if mother thinks it proper."

"Proper!" echoed Mrs. Skinner. "Why on earth shouldn't it be proper? Of course it's proper!"

"Well," said the deacon, rising to his lanky fullness of height, "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Ruth, and to you, too, marm."

"Don't go in a hurry," said Mrs. Skinner, hospitably.

"I guess I'd better be goin'," decided Mr. Carey. "There ain't no tellin' what mischief the boys may be gettin' into afore I get back. Boys will be boys, and they need a dretful sight o' watchin'. There ain't nobody but a father knows what a father's trials is, Mrs. Skinner."

And the deacon went out with a groan. "The deacon don't seem to realize that his boys is men growed," said Mrs. Skinner, as she rose to light a candle. "Ain't you most through with them apples, Ruth?"

And Deacon Obed, plodding homeward through the deepening dusk, with the dead leaves rustling under his feet, and the raw air biting like the stings of a million infinitesimal gnats, thought of Ruth Skinner's rose-bud face, and wondered how it would

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seem to have her at the Carey farmhouse for a perpetual blossoming of brightness!

"I ain't so very old, arter all," thought Deacon Carey, "and there ain't no law against a man's marryin' again, as ever I heered on. But she's young and skeery, and I must drive kind o' slow at first. It was a good idea, that o' mine, borrowin' her for Thanksgivin'. Ruth, Ruth, it's the prettiest gal! I couldn't think o' nothin' but the little strawberry apples on the gnarly tree by the well every time I looked at her cheeks. Besides, she is a savin' creeter, I know, for I watched her parin' them apples, and she never wasted a grain, and she's worn that brown calliker ever since last March."

And the deacon chuckled as these thrifty meditations passed through his brain.

It was Thanksgiving morning, chill and raw, with the summits of the Adirondacks veiled in slowly-drifting snowflakes, and Lake Champlain shining up with steely glimmer where the bend of the valley revealed its far-away surface.

But the Carey homestead was all alive with warmth and cheerfulness and red firelight. It was a huge, old-fashioned house, with great, smoke-browned rafters crossing and recrossing overhead, and curious wooden wainscotings half-way up their walls, and odd little three-cornered cupboards built, as if by malice pretense, in the most inconvenient places, and fireplaces that gave you the idea of the rooms being only afterthoughts and appendages.

Little Ruth Skinner stood at the kitchen-table, a white apron tied over the brown calico dress which had awakened Deacon Carey's admiration, and the sleeves rolled up above her round, white arms, stirring some fragrant compound of spice and raisins and orange-peel, while five of the six "Carey boys" stood around surveying her, as five tall barn-door fowls might stare at a tiny golden pheasant, or a Scaburight bantam.

"Boys, boys!" croaked the deacon, emerging from his room, in the glories of a blue suit with brass buttons, and a pair of shirt-collars that held his chin up at an angle of forty-five degrees, "ye haven't no more manners than a pack of gypsies! Miss Ruth, don't mind 'em."

"Oh, I don't, I assure you, sir," said Ruth, laughing. "Lewis, please give me the iron spoon from the nail by the dresser."

"I wish you wouldn't call me sir," said the deacon, with what would have been a tender glance if the shirt-collars would have admitted of it.

Ruth arched her pretty eyebrows.

"What shall I call you?"

"Call me Obed," was trembling on the deacon's lips, when he caught the ten eyes of his sons fixed wonderingly on him, and the words never found utterance. The deacon looked into the oven instead, and coughed sonorously.

"You won't go to church, Ruth?"

"Oh, I can't, sir—Mr. Carey, I mean. The turkey must be looked after, and it won't do to risk burning the pies."

"Well, boys," said the deacon, "come along."

"Can't I stay and help Ruth?" questioned Lewis, a young giant of nineteen.

"No, you can't," said the deacon, brusquely. "Pretty way o' spendin' the Governor's Proclamation Thanksgivin', to be home round under Miss Ruth's feet. You'll go to church, every skin on ye, or my name ain't Obed Carey. No son o' mine stays home from church on such a day as this. Where's Joe?"

"He was out a-fodderin' the creeters," sullenly answered John, the second son.

"Joseph! Joe!" bawled the deacon, but there was no answer.

"I guess he's gone to church," observed Jared, who was giving his cowhide boots a last tender application of candle-end in front of the fire.

"He needn't ha' been in such a hurry," grumblingly commented the deacon; "but he al'ays had a way of his own of doing things."

"Where's my woolen comforter?" next demanded the deacon. "Hosea, go back in the big corner cupboard for't."

Hosea left off tormenting the cat to obey, but he presently lifted up his voice aloud:

"Door's locked, father."

"No, 'taiu't locked nuther," sharply responded pater-familias. But he went to inspect the "cep'board" for himself, nevertheless.

"Well, if I ever!" cried the deacon. "Which o' you young mischiefs has got the key?"

There was a shout of unanimous denial. The deacon looked round with lowering brows.

"If that 'ere key's lost— Ain't them the church-bells?"

And, postponing the judicial investigation until the religious services of the day should be over, the deacon caught up a stray muffler, twisted it round his parchment-like throat, and went out, followed by, with the five sons following in long array.

And Ruth Skinner was left alone, only for a moment, though. There was an ominous grating in the wards of a rusty lock in the corner cupboard-door, and a smothered laugh, and the next instant Mr. Joseph Carey, a tall, handsome young fellow of three or four and twenty, burst out, like a magnified "Jack-in-the-box."

"Joe!" cried Ruth, turning scarlet. "Don't!"

"Don't? You mean do," said Joe, unceremoniously taking Ruth round the waist and lifting her fairly off her feet. "Why, I thought I should have stifled among the old hats and boots."

"But, Joe, it's so wrong?"

"It would have been a deal wronger, little Miss Morality, to sit pretending to listen to Elder Longsentence when my heart was in the old kitchen at home with you. Now, see here, Ruth, I'm not going to stand this any longer. Give me the big iron spoon."

Joe had a towel deftly round his slim, well-molded waist, and commenced stirring vigorously at the saucepan he took from Ruth's hands.

"Isn't that right?"

"Yes," said Ruth, dubiously; "but you mustn't spatter me."

"Come, Ruth, you promised to give me an answer today."

Miss Skinner shook out the folds of a snowy mass of table drapery, and eyed it thoughtfully.

"Is this the best table-cloth?"

"Yes—no—I haven't an idea. Hang the table-cloth! I'm not talking about table-cloths. Is it to be Yes or No, Ruth?"

"Oh, Joe, we are both so young."

"Nonsense!"

"I suppose these napkins are the right ones?"

"Do you suppose I stood a mortal hour in that cupboard, with my nose up against the buffalo robes, to decide the question of napkins for you? I will be answered!"

"Well—but—what shall I say?"

"I should say 'Yes,' if I were in your place."

"But, Joe——"

"Look here, Ruth," and Joe overturned the saucepan in his enthusiasm. "Here's where it is. Would you rather be my wife, or my stepmother?"

"Joe!"

"As if you hadn't suspected it all along, you little, demure kitten! Come, don't keep me in suspense!"

He put both his hands, with a sort of imperative tenderness, on her two wrists, looking with his full, brilliant hazel eyes into her shrinking, rose-red, sunny face.

"Let me go, Joe, quick! The turkey is scorching—I smell it!"

"Not one step," was the firm reply.

"But it is burning!" cried Ruth, piteously. "Oh, Joe, please!"

"Not until you have decided my destiny. Yes or No?"

"Yes, then, you provoking fellow!"

And Ruth, highly resenting the kiss of passion which Mr. Joe stooped to posse

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himself of, ran to the oven.

"It's burned! I knew it would be!" she breathed.

"Not a bit of it," said Joe, critically surveying the roval bird over her shoulder. "It's just beautifully browned."

"No thanks to you!" said Ruth, petulantly shrugging her shoulders as she reclosed the oven, after basting and turning its contents in a most scientific manner. "Now, help me set out the table, for I'm getting dreadfully behindhand; and what will your father say when he comes home from church and finds dinner not ready?"

"It shall be ready," said Joe, solemnly. "I tell you, Ruth, you don't know half the resources of my character as yet!"

* * *

"That was a proper good sarmon," said Deacon Obed Carey, pulling down the brim of his fur cap to protect the extreme tip of his nose from the driving snow. "Boys, walk along straight, and don't be loitering behind like a lot o' Sandwich Island heathens. Yes, an edifyin' discourse —apples o' gold in pictures of silver. I do wish Ruth had a-heerd it."

"I hope the turkey'll be ready when we get home," said Hosea, smacking his lips.

"You needn't be afeard, Hosy," answered the sire, complacently. "Ruth Skinner understands her business as well as the next one. She is a stirrin', smart gal as ever I see, and economical too!

The Thanksgiving dinner was ready—a culinary triumph—as the church-goers came in, bringing a whiff of keen northern air with them, and a plentiful powdering of snow on their broad shoulders. The turkey himself, brown, glistening and unctuous, lay in the centre of the board, with wings neekly folded and breast distended with aromatic stuffing, while ranged round him, quivered pink and amber jellies, and crimson cranberry tarts blushed through their lattice-work of puff-paste, while mince-pies and pumpkin, custard and suet puddings, sent up an odorous appeal to the senses.

"Ruth," said the deacon, mildly, as he looked at the turkey, and the chicken-pie beyond it, "you're a good cook—a very good cook, my dear. I wish we could keep you here al'ays!"

Ruth colored, and looked at Joe.

Joe set the chairs round the table with very unnecessary emphasis.

When, toward twilight, Ruth put on her scarlet shawl and hood, protesting that "she must go home," the deacon rose up to escort her.

"Sit down, Joe," he said, waving his hand authoritatively. "Take your seat again, Jared. You're nothin' but boys. I'm the proper one to see Miss Skinner safe hum!"

"I—I would rather go alone, sir!" faltered Ruth.

But the deacon tucked her arm protectingly beneath the sleeve of his shaggy, butternut-colored greatcoat, and they set feorh together.

"Ruth, my dear," said the deacon, breaking a silence that was beginning to be embarrassing, after they had walked a little way beneath the creaking boughs of the snow-fringed hemlocks.

"Sir," fluttered, Ruth, softly.

"It seemed very pleasant to have you to our house to-day, among them rough cubs o' boys."

"Joe isn't a rough cub, please sir," said Ruth, plucking up a momentary spirit, and feeling herself color like pink cream-candy.

"Wall," said the deacon, somewhat surprised at this unexpected partisanship, "I dunno but Joe's the best of the lot; but that's neither here nor there. I was going to ask you how you would like to stay there for good and all?"

"I don't understand you, sir!" said Ruth, stopping short in the midst of the snow and darkness.

"To come there and live—to be my wife —Mrs. Carey the second!" exclaimed the deacon, beginning to feel uncomfortably warm about the regions of the nose and cheek-bones. "Don't you understand now, Ruth?"

"Oh, sir!" uttered Ruth, withdrawing her arm, and trembling all over, "I cannot!"

"Oh, yes, you can," said the deacon, benignly, "I know you're young and inexperienced, but I'm willin' to overlook all that, and——"

"But, sir," interrupted Ruth, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, "I—I've promised to marry Joe!"

And breaking away from her escort, Ruth ran away, through the blinding snow and sleet, toward the far-off red light of the Skinner farmhouse.

Deacon Obed Carey walked silently back, chewing the end of his own meditations; and from that moment to this he has never once alluded to his matrimonial aspirations and their untimely blight. But the next Thanksgiving Day he ate his turkey at the hospitable board of son and daughter-in-law, with a little cherry-cheeked grandchild tied in a high-chair close to his elbow.

THE SANITARY MARRIAGE.

Rules by Which Scientific Men Would Govern Our Young People.

The day when true sanitary marriage will become the rule is a long way off. The need must be made more plainly evident.

In this country we are developing, from the amalgamation of many strains, a race wholly new to the world. Our immigrants, as they intermarry with those who have preceded them, produce descendants of a quicker and more aggressive mental type than their own, and it is noted by Darwin that the bodies and limbs of these descendants are very noticeably longer than those of their ancestors.

During our civil war the uniforms manufactured to fit the average American soldier—including those of foreign descent, though born here—were found, as a rule, to be much too long for foreigners just arrived.

When we shall have learned, and learned to apply, the laws of proper selection in marriage, our race ought to be second to none in health and physical development, and that means also intellectual advancement.

A wide step towards the needed reform has been taken by us as a people, for far more than ever before are we interested in physical culture, upon which health so clearly depends. There is a promise that it will yet have the high place in the curriculum of education that it deserves.

Our schools now, on account of the absence of a proper system of physical culture, are constantly sending out into the world young men and women who, by reason of their infirmities, never ought to marry.

And again, our ill-ventilated counting rooms and factories are generating an army, and its off-spring of which must present every phase of bodily imperfection.

The remedy for this is physical culture, and the sooner it is recognized by all, and particularly by our educators, the better. Social reformers and philanthropists have here a wide field for cultivation. Let them impress upon our growing youth the importance of healthy bodies, harmoniously developed by proper exercise.

Young women, perhaps even more than young men, need encouragement to strive to secure bodily perfection by proper exercise. They must realize that mere beauty of face, while it attract and possibly excites the admiration of some, does not alone constitute true beauty, which can only be founded on perfect health.

Another thing which young ladies must remember:

No matter how richly nature has endowed them with outward charms they can retain them only as long as they enjoy good health. They may also be assured that beauty founded on perfect health continues even to old age.

No one desires to see Spartanism revived in these times, but we may learn valuable lessons from it. The Spartans worshipped the beautiful and useful, and they took means to secure them. Bodily perfection was attained by enforced, well-appointed exercise. There were but few sickly men and women among them.

None sickly were allowed to marry, and all in health were compelled to do so; if they refused they were punished. Bachelors after a certain age were shut out of the society of women, and once a year were shamed in public. Neither boys nor girls were allowed to marry before maturity was reached.

This Spartan system of marriage, purely for the welfare of the state, continued for 500 years, and during that time there were produced a succession of the strongest and bravest men and the most healthy and beautiful women that the world has ever known.

There is a remarkable and self-imposed family law which popularly prevails, we are told, throughout Brazil in relation to matrimony. It is recognized among all the higher classes.

The man who is about to marry is required to furnish a certificate from one or more physicians that he is free from a disease of a certain character, and that he is free also from all signs of any of the diseases which are liable to be transmitted to the offspring.

Not only that, but the physicians consulted must testify that as far as they can learn there exists no reason to believe that the union will be other than in accord with the laws of sanitation.

To Keep off Intruders.

A gentleman in this city had a member of his family nervous and sick, and to save intrusion from the neighbors put up a sign on his front door:

"There's sickness in this house!"

A German on the opposite side of the street had his wife die, and taking the cue from his neighbor opposite-posted on his front door:

"There's deadness in here!"—Oswego Times.

LOVE IN LODGINGS.

When I hired lodgings at Mme. Hampton's I had no idea that she owned so precious a thing as a daughter.

Not that it would have made any difference if I had known it. I had become indifferent to women; they interested me only as a trivial in study. I neither sought nor avoided them; those whom fate threw into my way I placed under my mental microscope, not caring much for what it revealed.

My indifference, however, did not arise from any lost illusions. I had never been in love, and it never occurred to me that the thing was possible. I had been on friendly terms with blonde and brunette, with the prude and coquette, the clever and the designing; but I had forgotten their existence half an hour later.

Mme. Hampton herself had never left her room; she was doubtless dying, but she had been so long about it, and made so little circumstance about it, that no one gave it a thought, it would seem. She saw her lodgers, and arranged terms, and sent in the bills; and yet the house and all its appointments seemed to share the order of the planetary system.

The motive power was madame's daughter. I involuntarily pictured her, since we always picture those who appeal individually to us in any way, as a coarse featured woman, with "silver threads among the gold," a face more or less wrinkled, a sharp voice, big, rough hands, and a genius for snubbing the servants and haggling with butcher and baker.

On entering the madame's room one day in order to settle my account, according to the custom of the house, I beheld a slender being before the open fire, with one tiny hand on the mantel. A lavender gown turned the knot of yellow hair at the back of her head, from which some curls escaped, into pure gold.

There was an air of luxury and leisure about her which was simply delicious in view of the facts.

"My daughter," said madame presently. "Estelle, this is Mr. Van Huysam; you have heard me speak of him."

Estelle turned a beautiful, haughty face in my direction, bowed slightly, smiled vaguely.

"Indeed, I might say I have heard you speak of no one else." Plainly the old lady had been singing my praises, and the young one did not fancy the tune.

I do not know what chord thrilled in my heart at these words, in that soft minor voice, capable of all melody of terse expression, nor how I got myself out of the room. A man who has received a fatal bullet in the breast does not recognize the sensation, for the reason that he has never experienced it before; he does not know its import.

We met often after this, always by accident, it would seem, on the staircase, in the hall, and finally one night I made so bold as to knock at the door of her music room. She welcomed me with her haughty cordiality, if haughtiness can be cordial.

There were three or four young men already in possession, but she placed her seat next to my own, and she anon threw out javelins of wit for the general benefit, I received the lion's share of attention. This was flattering to my amour propre. But still, whenever I repeated my call, I had to wrestle with a handful of younger men for the supremacy.

I must confess that before I reached this point I had been obliged to wrestle with myself to overcome a prejudice. A Van Huysam in love with his landlady's daughter was an anomaly.

What would my family and friends say to such an affair? With what eyes would they regard it?

What would Miss Douglass think, for whom I had been destined, but who had been a hobbledehoy girl of thirteen when I had last seen her? Of course she would care nothing for me; it would be a wound to her vanity at the most; I had never intended to marry her; I had never consented, in fact; that bony, shy school girl, with the big eyes and lank figure, had never appealed to me; I had never been able to forgive her for stammering and blushing. Besides, there had been some rumor that the coffers of the family had suffered during their sojourn abroad, and that I had lost sight of them through their own negligence.

But an insignificant lodging-house keeper's daughter! The idea would wither all my acquaintances. However, love not only laughs at locksmiths, but at one's relations. When I summed myself in Estelle's presence I cared no more for the world's opinion, or for that of any Van Huysam but myself, than for the inhabitants of Flatland; but once away from that subtle magnetism, then my poles changed.

I saw a thousand reasons for giving her up—if one can be said to give up what one does not possess. Such a thing as a Van Huysam marrying out of his sphere never had been known in the family annals. But how did I know that Estelle would marry me? To be sure, if I had been quite certain of that, perhaps I should have hesitated and proceeded further. The far-off, unattainable and dim is dear to the soul of man—at least till it is his to take or leave.

One day, when we were reading a new poem together, a card was brought in.

"Tell Mr. Chester that I am engaged and cannot see him to-night," I overheard her say to the servant. "Mr. Chester does not appreciate our author," she apologized to me, "and I am not self-sacrificing enough to accept him in exchange for Browning."

It occurred to me at that time that there were other young men belonging to aristocratic families who had no fear of a mesalliance with the landlady's daughter, although to be sure they might be simply amusing themselves, as gilded youth are wont to do.

Estelle would never go out with me; she had no chaperon, she said. I wondered what my sister-in-law would answer should I write her to chaperon my landlady's daughter to Lohengrin, she who chaperoned only the very elect, so to speak.

One evening the conversation drifted into the subject of marriage. Mr. Chester and some others were present and led the theme.

"I would marry the woman I loved," said Mr. Chester, "if she were a beggar, and my father disinherited me on the spot."

"Beggary signifies nothing," returned another. "One would not ask has she a shop-girl, with neither blood nor bullion, his mother, especially? But Bishop stood to his guns; it must have taken a lot of pluck to wrether all he did from friend and foe."

"You call that pluck?" said Chester. "I call it obstinacy in his case. It was such an easy thing for Bishop to fall in love that he might have pleased his mother and given up the girl."

"And what do you think, Mr. Van Huysam?" asked Estelle.

"I? I think Bishop was a fool; that is —I mean—there may be exceptional shop-girls who have all the refinement and cultivation, all the traditions of good breeding in the world; but Bishop's choice was not one of these. She was simply beautiful, and he was a fool to allow himself, at his age, to be hoodwinked, so to speak, by mere flesh and blood."

"I quite agree with you," she said.

I could have bitten my tongue out when I called Bishop a fool—in fact, the whole conversation had seemed malapropos to me, and I went away with a sense of defeat. But how could I tell her that although I might draw the line at the shop girl, marrying a landlady's daughter was quite another affair?

Every day, to be sure, I made up my mind that I would seek Estelle no more; that the difficulties in the case were too great to be surmounted; but every day, all the same, found me beside her, without self-denial enough to resign the infinite charm of her presence, and yet too weak of will to accept all the consequences of such an alliance.

You will say that if I could thus judge and weigh circumstances I was not in love. I am certain that in time I should have overcome all obstacles, that the nobility within me would have got the better of any meaner qualities, but every man's nature or temperament is in a manner his own fate. Had I not been quite certain at this time that I pleased Estelle, in spite of her gentle hauteur, perhaps I should have been able to overcome my social scruples sooner.

A few weeks later I was called away on business, and it was a month or more before I found it convenient to return. During that time I had written to Estelle more than once, without, however, receiving any reply. Yet I was sure that she was mine, that I had only to speak; and I meant to speak at last—to speak so eloquently that she would not remember the silence had been long.

I went first to pay my respects to Mme. Hampton.

"I have been making my will," she said, after a little.

"Your will, madame?"

"Yes. I have other heirs besides Estelle, who may dispute it. They will contend that I am—what you may call a 'crank.' But I had a method in my madness. I beg you to be my executor."

"I am at your service, madame."

"Thank you. I leave the bulk of my property to Estelle."

"The bulk?" I repeated. "You have found your business remunerative?"

She chuckled audibly. "I have found it entertaining, enlightening," she answered. "It has paid me? Yes. I have discovered who are my friends. I must tell you that Estelle is not my daughter."

"Not your daughter?"

"Are you disappointed? When her father died abroad, insolvent, I was at hand. We were both drinking the waters at some German spa. Long ago I had been going to marry Mr. Douglass, her father."

"Mr. Douglass!"

"Yes. Does the name offend you? When he died I promised to take Estelle if I might give her my name and money. There was literally nothing left from the estate for her to live upon."

However, when I returned from Europe I returned a pauper, so to speak. Do you follow me? I allowed myself a little masquerade; I deceived even Estelle, but I have never deprived her of a luxury; even the lace on her handkerchief is real.

"She often marvels that the business is

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 16, 1888.

A SNOW storm struck Kansas City, Missouri, last Friday. The storm was accompanied by a high wind which prostrated telegraph wires in Missouri, Kansas and Colorado. Railroad travel is also impeded on most of the roads centreing in Kansas City.

THE political situation in West Virginia is unchanged. Both parties claim a small plurality in the State. It will require the official count to decide the result. A canvass of the vote in the State commenced on Tuesday. It will require ten days to determine the result.

DAVID HOSTETTER, of Pittsburg, proprietor of Hostetter's stomach bitters and concerned in the building of the South Penn railroad, died last week. Accounts say his estate is worth $15,-000,000. His death will likely put aquietus of the project of building the South Penn Railroad for some time to come.

WHEN Governor Hill, of New York, completes the term to which he has just been elected he will have done something that no one ever accomplished in that State, served three terms as Governor. He was first elected Lieutenant Governor and reached the office of Governor by the resignation of Grover Cleveland, on his election to the the presidency and he has twice been re-elected.

THE Philadelphia Daily Evening *Herald* on election day completed its first year under its present management. During the past exciting political campaign the Democracy had no stronger or more faithful champion than the *Herald* and we hope it may long continue to do its share in educating the politically benighted people of the Quaker city. The *Herald* is a bright, spicy paper and deserves to be well supported.

ACCORDING to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, a great many men have been hanged unconstitutionally in this State.—The Court decides that a disagreement of the jury in murder trials is equivalent to an acquittal and the accused person cannot be tried twice on the same charge. This ruling has created considerable talk among the legal fraturnity, and it is said it will have the effect of releasing several men who are now awaiting trial after juries had disagreed on the occasof the first trial.

THE defeat of President Cleveland, says the Philadelphia *Times*, delays but does not overthrow tariff reform. Only a man of his integrity and courage could have presented the vital issue of tax and revenue reduction and submitted it honestly to the supreme tribunal of the people. He could have studied expediency by cunning evasion of the issue and possibly won a second term by cowardice; but he was thoroughly convinced the time had come for the emancipation of American industry from needless taxes and the greed of monopoly, and he accepted honesty and defeat as preferable to dishonest success. Lincoln's patriotic and courageous emancipation of slaves lost him the support of the great Middle States of the north in 1862, just as Cleveland's patriotic and cougeous effort for the emancipation of industry from the bondage of classes has lost him the same States in 1888; but Lincoln's emancipation is now enshrined in the refulgence of our most lustrous achievement, and Cleveland's emancipation of labor will as surely triumph, despite temporary disaster, as did the shackling of the bondmen a buarter of a century ago.

THE Whitechapel, Loudon, England, murder fiend has added another to his list of victims. On last Friday morning the body of a woman cut into pieces, was discovered in a house on Dorset street, Spitalfields. As hitherto, the crime was committed in the heart of the Whitechapel region, and this murder has many of the characteristics that has lent horror to the others in that region. The last victim was rather more prosperous than the eight other victims that have fallen from time to time. They were homeless; while this murder was committed in the wretched apartment which the woman inhabited. Whitechapel women shudder and recall the rudely inscribed legend, "Fifteen before I surrender," written on a wall, beside which the body of the fourth victim lay. The appearance of the remains of the last victim was frightful and the mutilation was even greater than in any previous cases. The head had been severed and put under one of the arms. The ears and nose had been cut off. The body had been disembowled, and the flesh was torn from the thighs. Several other organs were missing. The skin had been torn off the forehead and cheeks. One hand had been pushed in the stomach. There appears to be no clue as yet to the murderer.

A CASUAL study of the returns is sufficient, says the Philadelphia *Times*, to show which way "free wool" did it.

The great industrial centres did not scare at the cry of "free trade." The Democratic vote of Philadelphia is greater by twenty per cent. than was ever cast before, and Cleveland's gains in the wards especially devoted to manufactures is very significant. Labor recognizes its own interests.

On the other hand, the agricultural counties roll up larger Republican majorities than usual. The farmer, for whom the tariff is really a tax on everything that he uses, would rather get fifty cents more for his few pounds of wool than save fifty dollars in woolens.

This same contrast will be found all over the country. Agricultural communities everywhere are proverbially slow to receive new ideas and the farmers have actually sustained the monopoly tariff against the votes of of the manufacturing centres.

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW is out in an interview, says the Pittsburg *Post* pleading that the great expense of the presidential elections and the disturbance of business consequent on them should be alleviated by extending the term to six years, so that in 12 years, there would be but two elections instead of three. It does seem as if something should be done It is becoming wo great a tax on the resources of the protected millionaries, trusts and monopolies. Of course they must furnish the boodle as the price of continued "protection," and to prevent American labor being reduced to the "pauper" level of Europe, over which they shed numerous tears, grunts and groans. It must also be admitted too bad that Mr. Carnegie and five other manufacturers should have been compelled to contribute $250,000 apiece, and that Mr. Wanamaker carried to New York $500,000 from Philadelphia philanthropists to Mr. Quay and Mr. Dudley, with their "blocks of five," to secure an honest vote and protect American labor. It is too expensive. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, many millions is the tribute exacted for such a political victory as we have lately seen, Mr. Depew, as the representative of the Vanderbilts, Carnegies, Jay Goulds, and other devoted friends of labor, is too modest by half. If auctioning off the presidency comes too high once every four years, for the successful bidders, why instead of six years not make the term 10 or 20? Bribery when it gets too common becomes vulgar. It would be a great saving to have the hat passed around and the fat fried out only once in 10 years.

But in the interest of honest industry and American labor we protest. Money should be kept in circulation. The channels of trade need regular irrigation at frequent intervals. Instead of a presidential once every six or ten years, as Depew proposes, by all means change the constitution and let us have annual elections, so that our people may have the fullest opportunity to study no maxims but the markets. It would put money in circulation, and cause a greater distribution of wealth, making more general the solid benefits of protection.

THE first echoes of the Republican victory says the Philadelphia *Times*, bring unmistakable expressions in favor of prompt tariff and tax reform by the Republicans. We give in another column the declaration of the Chicago *Tribune* and of Governor Alger, with with the apparently credible report from Washington that President Harrison will call an extra session of Congress in April to revise the tariff, reduce taxes and relieve industry of the exaction of unneeded revenues.

It can be only a question of very brief time when our industries will be given free raw materials. If not granted by the Congress just elected, it will be done by the Congress to be elected in 1890, and Republican power can avert defeat two years hence by giving our mills and labor the free raw materials which are given in every other protection country of the world.

If President Harrison is wise, he will call an extra session of Congress and specially charge it with the duty of reducing taxes of the necessaries of life and ending surplus revenues. If he shall delay tariff revision and tax and revenue reduction until December of next year, the banded profligates and jobbers of the land will end tax and revenue reduction by profligacy and invite defeat and dishonor upon the administration.

The country wants a wise and settled tariff policy based on the generous protection of the wages of labor, the lowest taxes on the necessaries of life and the reduction of the revenues to the actual needs of the government. If the Republican administration shall honestly meet the issue by such legislation, the vocation of the profligate will be ended, and the country will heartily sustain the new President. If the issue shall not be squarely met by judicious tax raduction, Republican defeat will be inevitable.

THE suit brought by the Attorney General of New York, in behalf of the people of that State against the North River Sugar Refining Company, to dissolve that corporation on the ground that it had exceeded the privileges granted it by its charter in becoming one of the members of the great Sugar Trust on the first of October, 1887, and other sugar companies, was brought to trial on Wednesday in the Supreme Court. The action is one of the results of the Senate Investigating Committee of last winter, which for the first time brought to light the deed of trust under which the different sugar companies have formed a combination.

It was substantially agreed at the outset by counsel that there would be no controverted question of fact for the court to pass upon, but it would merely be a question of law. The formality of drawing a jury was then gone through with. The jury were told that as the only question at issue was one of law for the court to pass upon, their services would not be needed at the trial. They were only required to be present at the end of the case to go through the formality of returning a verdict, as directed by the court. Counsel agreed that the testimony to be offered would not take any very great length of time, and that they would ask to have the case adjourned until Wednesday next, in order to argue the questions of law. With this understanding the jurors were dismissed until next Wednesday.

THE wheat crop of the United States is unquestionably short as compared with former years, but there is still enough to supply the home demand and leave a considerable quantity for export. If there is any decided increase in the price of flour it will be the work of unscrupulous speculators and not because there is an actual scarcity of breadstuffs. The men who make fortunes off the necessities of the people are criminals and should be treated as such by the law.

GOVERNOR BEAVER has issued a warrant for the execution of James H. Jacobs, the Lancaster county murderer, who will be hanged on January 9.

The Electoral College.

A New York dispatch quotes Gen. Roger A. Pryor, ex-Governor Hoadly of Ohio, Calvin S. Brice, Chairman of the Democratic National Executive Committee, and Col. B. C. Chetwood of New Jersey on the question of that piece of antique constitutional bric-a-brac, the Electoral College. All the gentlemen named but Colonel Brice favored its abolition.

The Electoral College is absolutely useless, quite costly and involves some danger of a defeat of the popular will. As originally contemplated by the framers of the constitution it was intended as a sort of advisory committee, appointed in each State to be voted for by the people thereof as individuals, these individuals to vote for any candidate for President that they saw fit. That at least was its intention, the idea seeming to be that this unprejudiced, impartial body of men would exercise greater care in selecting a candidate than would be observed if the matter were left to the popular will. The statesmen of the early constitutional period must have had a very imperfect idea of the American character, however, if they supposed that any such device would prevent the people from indicating very directly and positively the intention of their ballots. That the original purpose of the Electoral College has been evaded, whilst the constitutional form is still preserved, shows how little any artificial scheme of legislation will stand when it is entirely without popular approval.

A peculiar complication some times accompanies the practical working of this altogether useless system. As is well known, no citizen of any State votes direct for any Presidential candidate, casting his ballots instead for a list of State Electors, who in turn meet at their respective State capitals and cast the Electoral vote for given nominees. Now, there is nothing in law, morals or practice to prevent any citizen from voting for half of the Democratic and half the Republican Electors, nor from voting the straight ticket of one party and scratching off one or two particular Electors. This has indeed been frequently done, but it is very often done fraudulently, and might in a close contest defeat the will of the people.

A case is in hand in the very last election in New York State. By the terms of an alleged "deal" between the United Labor and Republican managements, the former gave out Electoral tickets leading off with the names of the first two Labor Electors, the other thirty-four being copied from the Republican Electoral ticket. This of course resulted in a great loss to the Labor people which all went to swell the vote of the thirty-four Republican Electors, the first two names on that ticket apparently running behind. It is said to be not impossible that these two Republican Electors have not a majority of votes cast as the remainder of the ticket has, and that in consequence the vote of the Empire State may be given to both nominees, two to Cleveland and thirty-four to Harrison. Fortunately this will result in no trouble this time but its mischievous possibilities can readily be imagined in the case of a close contest like that of 1876.

All this chicanery and all the nonsense and expense of an electoral College that don't elect could be spared by either voting States on their popular vote direct for the nominees, or by adding together the popular vote of all the States for each nominee. The former of these plans is decidedly the better for two reasons; first it would still preserve the individuality of the States in the national contest, for each would vote as a unit; and, second, the temptation to the fraudulent piling up of huge majorities in the States would be largely removed when a majority of one would serve as well as a majority of 100,000 to give any candidate the vote of a State.

Let's have a popular vote for President by States.—*Phila. Herald.*

Settled--But For How Long?

The presidency is settled for four years and the composition of congress for two years, but beyond that who can tell? In no other country is party supremacy so much a matter of uncertainty and doubt. We would suggest this fact to Republicans who are congratulating themselves on a 25 years' lease of power or to Democrats who in their despondency feel inclined to give up the ship for a generation. There is nothing certain in politics but the unexpected.

The grandfather of the president-elect swept the country in 1840, having been defeated in 1836, but his party met a Waterloo in 1844 under the lead of Harry of the West, the chivalric, magnetic and honest Henry Clay. Honesty doesn't always run with magnetism as the American people have discovered at a later day. In 1848 the Whigs were again successful, but in 1852 the Democrats with Pierce as their candidate, carried every State but Vermont and Massachusetts in the North and Tennessee and Kentucky in the South. Pierce had 254 electoral votes to 42 for that grand old soldier, Winfield Scott. The politicians of the day set it down the Democratic party had come to stay, especially as the Whig party was falling to pieces. But in two years a tidal wave swept the country, and in 1854 the Democrats were beaten out of sight. There was hardly a grease spot left. Passing by the war period, in 1872 Grant carried the Union by nearly 800,000 popular majority and 286 of the 366 electoral votes. Two years afterward, in 1874, his party was overwhelmingly defeated, North and South, and since that year the Republican party, when it has succeeded, has won by a scratch or the lavish use of money contributed by jobbers in politics and contracts and the subsidized protected interests.

It is not at all prudent to prophesy political results farther ahead than the next election, and you can't always hit it even then. The probabilities are that the difference is rediculously small in the popular vote of the country. The majority in congress is meager. The gravest problem of our history, except that of slavery, is before the people for settlement. The coming administration must act. The Republican party is no longer an opposition party, but must face the music and shoulder responsibility. The Democratic party takes its place as the opposition.—*Pittsburg Post.*

Is Consumption Incurable?

Read the following: Mr. C. H., Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an Incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made."

Jesse Middlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health." Try it. Sample bottles free at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. McAteer, Loretto.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cents and $1.00 per bottle at E. James, Ebensburg, and W. McAteer, Loretto.

Prohibition in Pennsylvania.

The long movement to subject the inhabitants of Pennsylvania to a prohibitory liquor law will soon be brought to an end. Upon the meeting of the Legislature in January the first measure to be considered probably will be the resolution to submit a prohibitory amendment to a vote of the people. With an overwhelming majority in each branch, the Republicans will encounter no difficulty or delay in redeeming their pledges in this respect. It will be for the Legislature to determine whether the proposed amendment shall be submitted to the popular decision of the next regular State election in November, 1889, or whether a special election at an earlier date shall be held for the purpose. Whatever the prohibitory element in the majority shall deem advisable will be done.

The next question is: What would be the fate of a prohibitory amendment at the hands of the people of Pennsylvania? A Republican majority of 60,-000 in the State outside of Philadelphia may well give concern to all those who regard this species of legislation as mischievous and violative of the personal rights of the citizen. It is not pretended that a majority of the people of Pennsylvania are favorable to this policy, but experience has repeatedly demonstrated that prohibitory amendments are carried by other persons than Prohibitionists. There are many voters in the State to whom the present High License laws are as obnoxious as outright Prohibition, and they would vote for a prohibitory amendment, trusting that it would be treated by the Legislature with the same neglect that has befallen other amendments to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

With the brief experience of the High License system of Pennsylvania there is no doubt that it has the strong approval of the great majority of the people. This is shown by the fact that in many of the close counties candidates suspected of hostility to High License have been defeated. In other counties members who voted for the law have been re-elected by increased majorities. While the law may be susceptible of amendment, especially in those features which harshly interfere with the innocent social customs and enjoyment of a large portion of our citizens, as a system it is strongly fortified in public opinion.

In this situation the obtrusion of a prohibitory amendment is to be much regretted by all who regard High Lisense as a practicable and effective means of suppressing the evils of the liquor traffic. Should the prohibitory amendment be adopted by a vote of the people chaos might come again. The High License system would fall to the ground and would be scpplanted by impracticable and abortive enactments to enforce Prohibition. As results, the reign of free but surreptitious whisky would soon follow, and the Legislature would be without the constitutional power to suppress the evil by a High License law.

In the High License law there is the strongest bulwark against the introduction of a prohibitory amendment in Pennsylvania. The people who have testified their approval of this policy will not abandon it for the sake of a doubtful experiment that can only be partially enforced by trampling upon the personal liberties or one portion of the citizens of the State, and by making sneaks, hypocrites and law breakers of another portion. But the experiment will be attempted in spite of the mischievous consequences that would attend its success. The next Legislature will pass the amendment according to programme, and the voters of Pennsylvania will go through the turmoil and excitement of a prohibitory liquor campaign. Yet they are no more than 30,000 distinctive Prohibitionists in the State, and for so insignificant a faction it is proposed to get up this electoral performance. There is just one pleasant consideration about the matter—that when once over it would not again trouble the people of Pennsylvania for a long time to come.—*Phila. Record.*

Female Physicians.

Nine years ago the Legislature of this State recognized the manifest propriety of the employment of competent female physicians to have the care of female patients in the State hospitals for the insane by authorizing the managers and trustees of State hospitals to employ them. Under the authority of this act this has been done in the hospitals at Harrisburg Norristown and at the Blockley Hospital, with advantageous results. There are reasons why competent women should have the care of women patients that are so suggestive as to preclude the necessity of statement. The late gratifying advance made in the instruction of women at the medical colleges, their admitted proficiency in their profession, and the number of graduates, make it impossible to excuse the retention of male physicians for this particular work on any other ground than a rooted preference which bars the way to a proper and needful change. The cure of insane patients is not so much a matter of medicine as of care. Women have always been the most tender, watchful and trust-worthy caretakers. They are nurses by natural gift; and when such capacity is supplemented by proper medical training, their care and skill combined is precisely adapted to successful hospital work. The professional female assistance in the hospitals which have taken advantage of legislative permission is now so cumulative and satisfactory as to warrant such an amendment to the act of 1879 as would compel the authorities having charge of the Dixmont, Danville and Warren hospitals to secure the services of skillful resident female physicians. The hospitals are State institutions, and the prejudices of their trustees should no longer be allowed to stand in the way of a change which would be an amelioration and a beneficence fully in accord with the popular desire and with the opinion of experts in the treatment of lunacy.—*Phila. Record.*

Brick the Best Building Material.

Insurance men, as a rule, generally claim that a building which is largely constructed of iron is not necessarily fireproof. This may be true to a great extent. Iron when heated, bends very readily under weight, and therefore of itself cannot be called fireproof. There is much, however, to be said of iron construction. It prevents fire from spreading, and unless there is a large amount of inflammable material within reach of the flames, there is little danger that fire will make much headway. Stone and granite are very little better than iron to withstand the ravages of fire. There is no material that can be used for conctruction equal to brick. Every brick bears its own weight. Bricks have already passed the the fiery ordeal before they are used in buildings, and are tempered. Cast iron is not substantial enough, and wrought iron, which is an improvement, stands fire but little better. For a fireproof building we would construct one of firebrick. Then glaze them and give them a good arpearance, which is rather ornamental than otherwise.—*American Builder.*

THE wife of a New York banker has invented a machine for making wire rope, the patent of which she has sold to a San Francisco firm for $25,000 cash and a royalty. The way she came to hit upon this was from a device she used to twist her worsted.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—The Sheriff at Shippensburg will be allowed only 9 cents per day for each tramp after January, 1889.

—A watermelon weighing 80 was among a consignment of fruit received in San Francisco from San Diego for exhibition purposes. An onion sent from San Luis Obispo weighed almost four and half pounds.

—A Florence young woman is to have a wheelbarrow ride through the streets one night this week. She will carry a torch, and a gentleman friend will do the wheeling because he believed Cleveland would be re-elected.

—Rev. C. Felts, a light mulatto, the presiding elder of the African M. E. church of Eeastern Pennsylvania, has been ordered to move from his house in Lancaster because the neighbors object to a negro living among them. He dares them to attempt to oust him.

—Irrigation is making Nevada very productive. A Nevada man raised a potato this season so large that when he sent it to a friend by mail, he had to pay 50 cents postage on it. Another Nevada man shows three potatoes which respectively weigh 9 6 and 5 pounds.

—Levi Overcash and Levi Bergenstock, of Chambersburg, were driving home in a buggy late on Saturday night, when the vehicle was run down by a train on the Western Maryland railroad. Overcash was almost instantly killed and Bergenstock seriously injured.

—In a birthday part at Chicago Albert Lawson, the host, who is an American, stasted in to chastise his wife, a French woman, for offending an Irish guest. The wife's brother whipped the husband, a peneral row ensued, and the birtnday festivities were at an end.

—The London police are confident that they are on the right track in their search for the Whitechapel murderer. The persons have been found who saw the man that accompanied the last victim to her room on the night she was murdered. Their descriptions of the man tally in every respect.

—Mr. William McLaughlin of Albany, Ore., has been bragging about his big tomato vine. It was planted on May 10, and unless frost has cut it down is growing now. At last accounts it was thirteen feet high, the branches covered an area of twenty feet, and the main stalk was three inches in circumference.

—The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the expenditure of $10 from the emigrant fund for the return to England of Henry Robinson, who arrived in Philadelphia in July last in good health, but who subsequently met with an accident which renders him incapable of work and makes him a public charge.

—Monday night, near Coal Valley, W. Va., Dick Thomas shot and killed Nora Hill, whom he had betrayed. She asked him to pay a doctor bill, and in response he shot her five times, death resulting immediately. He killed John Masey one year ago. Thomas is in jail at Charleston. Fears are entertained that he will be lynched.

—The Pope has appointed the 31st day of December, 1888, for a special service in Catholic churches throughout the world, at which thanks are to be offered to the sacred heart of Jesus for graces received during the year of the Papal Jubilee. The Holy father is in receipt of a present of $1,000,000 from the Catholics of India and Australia.

—There is an immense tree in front of the house of Judge Montgomery, of Americus, Ga., which has been inhabited for some time by a great flock of English sparrows. An army of black birds covet the place for a roost, and appear on the scene every evening, when a pitched battle takes place, the noise of which can be heard for a long distance.

—The wine-cellar of the late Samuel J. Tilden in New York was vandalized by an auctioneer and crowds of purchasers on Wednesday. Five hundred and twenty bottles of Steinberger brought from $3.50 to $9 per bottle; some double O Madeira brought $3.50, and some bluegrass whisky forty years old, brought $11.50 per gallon. In all 440 bottles were sold.

—Charles Bensen, a Swede, who had charge of the dynamite used in blasting rocks on the new lumber road near Ketner, McKean county, was thawing out the stuff at the fire on Tuesday, when it exploded and his head was blown off. Two Italians, named Anthony Rendordie and Nicoli Beth, were badly injured. Both men were found several hundred feet away.

—John McCandless, a freight brakeman on the Ft. Wayne Railroad, was instantly killed at the Outer Depot, Pittsburg, on Tuesday evening. He was cutting cars near the engine, when he slipped and fell and the wheels passed over his head. McCandless was thirty years of age and had been at work but three days. Nothing was known of his home or friends.

—Great excitement exists at Paris, Ky., over the find of a large amount of money, some say as high as $16,000 in a book in Long's second-hand book store, by some colored men who were sorting rags for him. It is known that one man had as high as $650, all of which were old greenbacks, issued in 1862. Mr. Long does not know where the book with the money came from.

—Three Mormon elders who had been in Marion county, in the western part of Alabama, about ten days ago, were tarred and feathered and warned to leave within twenty-four hours. It is said the tarring and feathering was done by about fifty of the best citizens of the county, who were in no way disguised. The Mormons begged for their lives and promised to leave at once, never to return.

—Near the soda springs of Ashland, Ore., there is a spring which emits a gas so poisonous as to kill whatever may breath it and it is said that there is almost constantly a ring of birds, snakes, lizards and small deer lying dead about it. The same deadliness is claimed for a spring somewhere in Idaho, and in both it is thought that a concentrated form of carbonic acid gas is the active agent of destruction.

—All the people of Sharon, Pa., were aroused at 6 o'clock on Monday evening by a terrific explosion at the Sharon Gas and Water Works. The cause of the explosion was the bursting of a refining tank. About one-half of the works is now in ruins. Charles Smith, the gas-maker, was fatally burned. The affair cause great excitement, and the whole town turned out to view the wreck. The loss will reach about $1,500.

—A novel watch is being manufactured by the Waltham Watch company. The case plates are of Brazilian pebble, or rock crystal. Holes are drilled in the crystal plates for the various screws and fittings, the pivots are set in rubies and sapphires, and the plates are held apart by sapphire pillars. The dial is a skeleton of gold. Diamonds mark the hours and rubies the minutes. The watch is of course transparent.

—Patrick Packingham, who murdered his wife last April, was condemned at New York on last Monday to be hanged on next January 4th. The courtroom was crowded to suffocation when the white-haired, placid old man was led to the bar to receive his sentence. When the last words of the sentence were uttered, Packingham sighed and stooped slightly. Then he rallied with a heavy sigh, exclaiming: "Well, I'm glad it has been settled at last."

GO TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,

No. 113 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,

FOR BRUSSELS, VELVET, WOOL AND RAG CARPET, LINOLEUM, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND STAIR PADS. HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

—A dispatch from Streator, Ill., says: Miss Belle Bridwell, a teacher employed in the Grammar Department of the Sickerman School, near this city, died very suddenly on Tuesday of hemorrhage of the lungs. It It is stated that she was endeavoring to punish a boy for insubordination when he knocked her down and kicked her in the breast, causing her death. Aid was summoned immediately by the other teachers, but she died in five minutes.

—A citizen of Roselle, N. J., is the owner of a wonderful Tabby cat. He has devoted a great deal of time to the education of the animal, and pussy shows a degree of intelligence that astonishes the natives. The cat will wink with its right or left eye, as commanded by her master, beat time with one of her paws when he sings selections from the German opera and pick out the queen in a pack of cards. He is now trying to teach Tabby to mew "Home, Sweet Home," he plays the accompaniment on his violin, but he fears his efforts in this direction will not be successful.

—For some time past J. C. Shaeffer, a well-known traveling man, who represents a firm in Columbus, O., has been paying his addresses to Miss Annette Blume, of Fayette Station, daughter of G. M. Blume, a prominent stockholder in the Fayette Coal and Coke Company of that place. Mr. Shaeffer had been forbidden the house by Mr. Blume, and it was supposed that the affair had been broken off, but on last Sunday morning the young lady boarded a train and was joined at Elmo by Mr. Shaeffer. They went west and it is supposed are married before this.

—On Tuesday night, as the Omaha train from Duluth was crossing the bridge at West Superior, Wis., a quarrel arose among several occupants of the smoking-car. A fist fight ensued and then one of the combatants drew a revolver and commenced firing. The shooting became general. One man rushed into the ladies' car and fired several shots, one of which hit Frank Boggert, of Superior, in the leg. In the excitement the man who did the first shooting jumped off and escaped, although three shots were fired at him. Four men were all wounded, but none fatally.

—The religious meeting of the modern Quaker do not differ materially from those of other denominations. They have abandoned the most of their old customs. A Brunswick, Me., gentleman remembers attending a Quaker meeting in that town 60 years ago, and thus describes the service: The preacher arose and said: "There is a balm in Gilead," repeating the same three times, and soon after sat down, keeping silence for about half an hour, when he declared the meeting closed and the audience dispersed. There was more pith in this discourse than there is in many longer sermons, nowadays.

—As a party of girls were going from the Convent of St. Joseph to the Cathedral, at St. Augustine, Fla., in care of several Sisters, last Sunday morning, a young man jumped from a carrage, seized one of the girls and tried to carry her off. The Sisters rescued the girl and the young man drove off. He is the Auditor of the new Sugar Belt railroad, and the girl is the daughter of a jeweler at Kissime. They were lovers, but the girl's parents objected to the match and sent her to the convent. The young man, determined to marry her, passed the yellow fever quarantine, secured a marriage license and attempted the abduction, but without success.

—Phineas Rogers, of Mechanicsburg, this State, was arrested on Monday and placed in Cumberland county prison charged with setting fire to Hauck & Comstock's agricultural and spike works, Rinehart's net factory and other buildings, involving a total loss of over $100,000. He made a confession, implicating several other young men in the crime. Rodgers was the leader of the gang. Jacob Evans, one of the Mechanicsburg firebug gang, was arrested the same evening and committed to jail charged with assisting Rogers in burning over $100,-000 worth of valuable property in that place. Information was also made against Rogers by a Government detective for manufacturing and dealing in counterfeit money. The evidence is strong.

—Cptain T. H. Logan, commanding the United States troops at Fort Hancock, on the Rio Grande, some seventy miles below El Paso, has been forcibly reminded that Mexico will not permit her territory to be invaded by troops of a foreign country. He thought there was good hunting on the Mexican side of the river, and took with him on Sunday some members of his company, all good hunters, and one civilian, L. W. Evans. They were armed with rifles and shotguns. After enjoying some fine sport they came across a force of Mexican frontier guards, who took them into custody as soldiers of a foreign Power found on Mexican territory under arms. The civilian Evans was released, but the Captain with his soldiers, is still in custody.

—Two farmers carried a small satchel into the Pennsylvania Railway station at Pittsburg on Wednesday morning. The appearance of the satchel suggested a suspicion of green goods to a detective. He took the two farmers to a station house. When asked what they had in their satchel they answered: "Five thousand dollars in good greenbacks." The satchel was opened. It was full of newspapers. The farmers were so astonished that they let the cat fight out of the bag. They confessed that they paid $175 for the newspapers, thinking they were getting $5,000 in counterfeit bills. The farmers were John Wakeman and Henry Pepper, and they came all the way from Winchester, Va., to make their bargain with the green goods men.

—Gertie Blake, 13 years old, has been missing from her home at Newburyport, Mass., since last Friday, and in a letter to a bosom friend she confessed that she has eloped with a well known business man more than 40 years of age. He is also missing, but there is such a wide difference in their ages that he is given the benefit of the doubt and his name is withheld until the girl's story can be verified. The girl stated that she joined her loyer in Boston, donned boy's clothing and cut off her hair in order to conceal her sex. She is rather large for her age, is decidedly pretty and well developed, and has been just wild enough to make her attractive to the gay lotharios of the town. She has been living with her grandmother, whom she has constantly deceived by pretending to go to prayer meeting when in reality she had been on larks with the boys.

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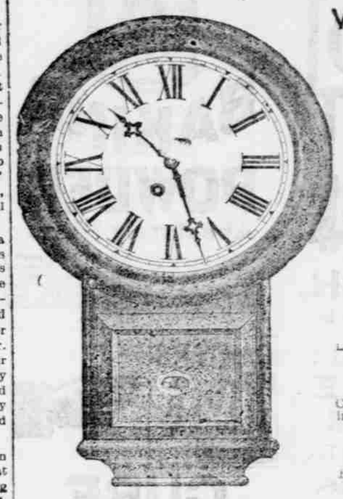

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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 16, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Some unknown disease is killing off horses in parts of Somerset county.

—Arthur Callahan was badly mangled by a bear near Williamsport on Saturday.

—Joseph Berkheimer, of Osterburg, Bedford county, died the other day after a prolonged illness caused by eating an egg last Easter which had been colored with diamond dyes and the shell broken.

—The most particular man in town made a perfectly satisfactory selection from Barkers' new line of hats, they having the largest stock to select from. Also some cheap things in fur caps for men and boys.

—In our election table published last week the vote for Harrison should have read 3,517 instead of 3,517, the figure 3, by mistake, getting in in place of a 5 and escaping our notice in the hurry to get out our paper.

—Hang up the banners, pocket the bandannas, stow away the log cabins, put out the torch-light, dismiss the campaign lies, and attend to business, but buy your boots and shoes at Barkers, they have the largest assortment to select from.

—Mr. Simon Noel, of White township, this season raised some extraordinary turnips. He has two that weighs 20 pounds each and another that weigs 24 pounds. These of course are the largest, but his general lot of turnips are hard to beat.

—The Zenobia Queen corset is the very best corset made, and the only Kid, Elastic Side-section ever used in a corset, which make it conform to every motion of the body. Zenobia is for sale by V. S. Barker & Bro.'s, and can be worn for four weeks on trial.

—A cooking school lecturer was wiser than she knew when she said: "There is no such thing as luck in bread-making. Bad luck means ignorance." If she had said buy your flour at Barkers' and you will have no bad bread, she would have hit the truth exactly.

—A bear came on two wood-choppers near Williamsport on Saturday. One, Arthur Callahan, struck at it with an ax, slipped and fell. The bear pounced on him frightfully mangled his leg. A party of hunters who were following the beast shot it shortly afterward.

—John McGregor, of Shade township, Somerset county, was killed on Monday while pulling stumps with a stump-puller. The derrick fell over and hit him on the head, breaking his neck and skull. He fell forward. He was aged about 50 years and was a bachelor.

—On last Saturday morning the porter at the Mountain House in this place discovered a fire among some kindling wood in the cellar. It was promptly extinguished before any damaged resulted, but it was a narrow escape. The fire is supposed to have originated from the dropping of a match by some person in search of plunder.

—Sallie Martin, daughter of Mr. Thomas Martin, of Prospect, and Ellsworth Smith, of the same place eloped on Thursday morning of last week and when next heard from the information was conveyed that they were married in New Jersey. Sallie was not yet sixteen years of age while that of Smith is thirty-two, just double that of his bride.

—The bountiful chestnut crop on the Juniata Valley mountains heralds a good crop of bears, numbers having been seen by the nut gathers and hunters. Near Newton Hamilton some children gathering chestnuts heard a growl and on looking around saw a large bear seated on the rocks above They were not long in vacating the place.—*Huntingdon News.*

—Mr. Maurice McNamara, who a few years ago was a well-known citizen of Johnstown, and also well known in this place, having served one term as County Commissioner about twenty years ago, was admitted to the Almshouse on Monday last. Ill health and financial reverses overtook him and he was compelled to seek admission to the County Home.

—While a shooting match for a bear was in progress at Sterling, Clearfield county, Tuesday, the 13th inst. Martin, son of Daniel Randolph, persisted in keeping behind the stump against which the target was placed for the purpose of picking out the bullets. A shot fired by George McQuillar, struck the boy in the left breast and, ranging downward, came out at his back. The wound is a serious one, from which the boy will hardly recover.

—William D. McClelland, a well known citizen of Johnstown, died suddenly on last Monday. He was taken sick at his work in the Bessimer Steel Works and taken to his home where he received prompt medical attention, but died in a few hours. He was born in Johnstown on 23, November 1830, where he resided all his life. He was elected and served one term as a County Commissioner about eighteen years ago. The deceased leaves a wife, four daughters and one son to survive him.

—Yesterday (Saturday) evening a printer of this place and one from Hollidaysburg concocted a conspiracy to prevent the publication of the *Democrat* this morning. The dishonorable and outrageous conduct of the Johnstown printer deserves severe public notice, but we refrain from publishing his name now. Five printers stopping work without giving us a moment's notice, before anything had been prepared for this paper, has put us to very great inconvenience, and this number of the *Democrat* is printed under considerable disadvantage.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—Thannie Williams, a young man about thirty years of age, who was born in Cambria township, and was a son of John M. Williams, who a few years ago sold his farm and returned to his native country, Wales, was killed in Knoxville, Tennessee, on the afternoon of the 3rd of this month. As far as can be learned, the deceased and a man named C. L. Porter were agents for a music firm in Knoxville and for some reason they were discharged. They met at the music store and after some words, Porter drew a revolver and fired two shots, killing Williams instantly. Williams made his home with his mother and sister in Knoxville and his body was taken to his home.

—Our Republican friends on last Tuesday night wound up the campaign by a grand demonstration, celebrating their victory at the polls. A delegation from Johnstown, accompanied by the Mineral City Band, came in on the evening train and, as they were provided with flambeau torches, added considerable lustre to the parade. The procession started from the Court House at eight o'clock, and for a couple of hours the town was brilliantly illuminated by the glare of torches and transparencies. Every Republican house in the town was illuminated, some of them evincing much taste in the manner of their decorations. While, as a matter of course, we don't appreciate displays of that kind, those who were in it seemed to enjoy it, and plouted around through the mud until every nook and corner in the town had been visited. They got it on to us this time and we've got to grin and bear it until 1892.

—Lancaster county contains more post-offices than any other county in the United States. The number is about 130.

—On last Sunday a twelve year old son of John K. Miller says the Johnstown *Democrat* found a nitro-glycerine cap on his father's premises in Upper Yoder township, which had been left by the Water Company's men when they had laid the pipe line a year or so ago. The young lad began to experiment with the cap, and holding it between his fingers and thumb applied a lighted match. The explosion which followed was a surprise to the boy, and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that the right thumb and first finger of the same hand were badly mutilated. Dr. A. N. Wakefield was called and amputated both members below the first joint.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, PA., Nov. 7th, 1888.

EDITOR FREEMAN.—"To the victors belong the spoils" has been well illustrated in this town since the election. While it polls a straight Republican vote of 14, and while there is a *possible* chance for storekeeper for the distillery here being a citizen of the town, yet there are three candidates for that position. But still more desperate is the effort for the postoffice, one of the parties having gone to the extent of making affidavit to the effect that it should not be held in any Democratic house, nor should any Democrat be assistant postmaster or clerk. Comments are unnecessary. It may be fairly added that the affidavit to the effect spoken of will appear in the Carrolltown *News* of this week.

Mr. Wm. Myers, a venerable and respected citizen of this place, is on the sick list.

Mr. John Shortencarrier and Miss Sophia Miller were married at Nuptial Mass in St. Benedict's church, this place, on Tuesday. The attendants were Mr. Ed. Miller, nephew of the bride, and Miss Nettie Kirkpatrick. It would take more of your space than is justified by a local gatherer of news, but it must be said that the gathering of people at the home of the bride, the numerous presents, many of them valuable, and everything connected with the marriage was unsurpassed in this section for some time. May success attend them.

Mr. Grottendorfer, who recently moved into his new house has it snug and warm now. How is it, Charlie?

Corn huskings are ripe in this section now.

We are informed that Miss Annie Fogle, who left Johnstown so mysteriously on last Sunday week, and in whom the papers were so much interested, had been making her home at Mrs. Mary Ann Yost's, in Carroll township, until last August a year. Annie is now employed by an Altoona family.

Two deer were shot in Blacklick township last, one by Mr. Steve Lenz, and the other by Mr. Elias Edwards, both of whom have the reputation of being very successful hunters.

Mr. R. M. Huston, who is successfully "paving the way" for a new paper at Hastings, spent Tuesday in Carrolltown. He is a very entertaining gentleman.

If anybody wishes to know how "River" road is from this place to Mr. John B. Miller's, all they need to do is to ask a certain crowd who went over it Tuesday.

W. H. Dumm, of Carroll township, returned from Mt. Union, Huntingdon county, on Sunday last where he just finished painting the tower of the Presbyterian church. In 1886 Mr. D. painted the tower of St. Benedict's church, this place, and his daring work will no doubt be remembered distinctly. He is now employed by the Altoona Slate Co., and will go to Philadelphia next week.

Mr. C. A. Luther, proprietor of the Eagle Hotel, desires us to state that he has on tap ale and porter and requests those desiring such to call and sample it.

Your correspondent is under obligations to the Social Club of Ebensburg for a special invitation to attend a grand ball to be held in the Opera House there on Thanksgiving Day.

The weather has been unfavorable for your soliciter, consequently the list is not as large as it otherwise would have been.

The hotel building being erected at Hastings by Mr. Leonard Hartman, of St. Lawrence, is really a credit to the town, and we believe that when it is completed it will present an appearance which any locality could be proud of. It is the intention of Mr. H. to remove his household goods and gods there next month.

Willie Eckenrode found a linen tablecloth on the Ebensburg road, the farm of Mr. John Bearer, one day last week. The owner can get it by calling at the store of Eckenrode & Hopple.

Mrs. Isadore Flick, of Altoona, is visiting relatives and friends here this week.

Mr. Frank Conly, the man of many faces and humorist, assisted by Mr. Heath, ventriloquist, gave two entertainments here which were really appreciated, and all wish them to come again soon.

Miss Rose Sharbaugh pleasantly entertained her numerous friends at the residence of her brother, Mr. John W. Sharbaugh, on Sunday evening last, it being the anniversary of her birth. X.

Items from Chest Springs.

CHEST SPRINGS, Nov. 11, 1888.

DEAR EDITOR—I thought a few items wouldn't be out of place.

Mud is still plenty.

The schools under the charge of Misses Topper and Little are progressing very favorably, and both teachers are doing very thorough work.

The most exciting thing that has happened here, lately, was L. Piatt fulfilling his election bet, wheeling Thad Conrad from one end of the town to the other. The usual crowd of small boys followed the procession making hideous noise with horns and other musical instrum nts.

Several of our Republican friends have laid away their seedy hats and have donned a new one.

The election passed off very quietly here, the Democracy being faithful to a man.

The g. o. p. held a small jubilee meeting here on Saturday night, and after considerable merrimaking they proceeded to the scene of illumination when lo! and behold! to their sorrow they had forgotton one of the most important factors that goes to make up a political ratification, an orator; so they sent forth and brought forward our Democratic orator, whose memory retained the history of every good deed of a good president, especially of the past four years, and never before did an orator's tongue give more emphasis to good deeds, than did this one, and so enthusiastic did he become that before they disbanded over three-fourths of those present were sorry that they had not voted the straight Democratic ticket.

There has been a large black bear prowling around our neighborhood for the last week; this morning it was seen within a quarter of a mile of town. A large crowd of men with dogs and guns started out in pursuit of brain, and if they should run across him they will make it rather warm for his bearship.

We laid to rest the remains of Mrs. Geo. Rininger this morning, she having died Friday evening last. She leaves behind her a husband and several small children to mourn their loss. She was truly a woman, a mother and a neighbor.

Jos. Perry wears a very broad smile. It's a boy! But he thinks he is going to go the post office. SPY.

Reade Township Items.

DEAR FREEMAN:—The pork season has opened up with a "squeal"

Mr. Blair Decker, of Flynn City, having secured an agency for the Singer Sewing machine, will hereafter toil in the interest of that company. He will probably locate at Indiana and make that place his business headquarters.

Mrs. M. E. Glasgow, whose serious illness we mentioned in our last communication to the FREEMAN, died at her home at Glasgow village on last Sunday morning. She was an old lady of unimpeachable moral character, kind and affectionate to all. Ready, active and invaluable in time of need. She filled her mission as a modern Dorcus. The sixty-second year of her profitable life had scarcely passed ere the Angel of Death came and bore her spirit away to the better world. Her remains were laid to rest in the Well's private burying ground, near Utahville, Pa, on last Tuesday.

Mr. David Davis, an old and respected gentleman, died at his home at Lloydsville last Sabbath and on Tuesday his remains were interred in the Pleasant Hill Cemetery near Glasgow. The Troxell Post of the G. A. R., of Glasgow, of which he was a member, conducted the funeral services. Mr. Davis was a miner by occupation and his death was the result of an injury received while working in the South Fork mines, a short time ago.

The "No 2" (Roseland) school was recently favored by a visit from "Dead wood Dick," the noted detective of the Pinkerton force, who has been in this locality for some time looking up the Flynn murder case. The detective is a very courteous and scholary gentleman, being able to speak fluently, sixteen languages.

The election passed off very orderly in this township. The opposing politicians were at a white heat of enthusiasm throughout the entire day. Flags fluttered in the sunlight of that beautiful day; cheers and strains of campaign doxologies were wafted on the breezes, while anxious looks and throbbing hearts told the great concern which was felt for the result.

Thomas Hollen, one of the pioneer settlers who first assisted to level the giant progeny of the forests of this neighborhood, died at the residence of his son, William, at Ashville last Sabbath, and on Tuesday he was buried in the cemetery near Roseland. He was upwards of eighty years of age.

We have been informed that there were five funerals in this section last Tuesday.

The pedagogues of Reade township organized a District Institute at Glasgow last Saturday. An elaborate program was made out and the names of County Superintendent Leech and Mr. A. R. Read, of Ebensburg, placed thereon. The first meeting will be held at Mountain Dale on Saturday, Dec. 17th.

Surprise parties are all the rage in this locality. Scarcely a week passes without one or more. Birthday parties may have a kindly remembrance in their elements, and the backward glances upon the mile-posts of life will always renew the friendly feeling and enjoyment of the occasion, but as for the common "gum suck," or circulating surprise party we have little space to waste on it, and can see nothing elevating, socially, morally or otherwise in it.

Mr. Thos. Evans, of near Flynn City, I am informed, had a very large yield of corn this year. He expects to have a thousand bushels.

The Baptist Sabbath School of Mountain Dale, will celebrate "Bible Day" on the 25th inst. Preparations are being made for the occasion.

Mr. M. Spencer, of Mountain Dale, is erecting a stable on his lot at that place.

The B. G. R. R. Co., have placed a siding for freight trains near Mountain Dale, extending from J. W. McCartney's to David Van Scoyoc's.

Mr. B. F. Myers, one of Reade township's best citizens, is in a delicate state of health, and part of the time he is disqualified for performing any manual labor.

Mr. Harry Campbell, the gentlemanly and accomplished telegraph operator and ticket agent of Glasgow, to accommodate those anxiously inclined to receive early election returns, remained in the office till about two o'clock on the night after the eletion manipulating the wires.

A young man named Seibert, of Lloydsville, while out gunning recently, accidentally discharged the gun, the contents taking effect about the middle of the fore arm and following it to the shoulder, frightfully shattering it, making amputation a necessity.

Mountain Dale has a cornet band which meets for practice twice every week. It is already able to discourse some very fine music.

Mr. John Russel, whose mother resides at New Germany, this county, and who is a brakeman on the local freight on the B. G. & Jefferson R. R., had his hand badly injured one day last week while making a coupling. R.

A Pullman Car on Fire.

Johnstown *Tribune*, November 13: An Associated Press dispatch elsewhere in this paper refers to the burning of the sleeper "Aragon" on the Pennsylvania railroad this morning. The dispatch is not altogether correct. The car was attached to the second section of Western Express. The flames caught from the stove and were first discovered between Wilmore and South Fork. The flames were then in their incipiency, and the porter, who discovered them, at once aroused the passengers, who made their way, half clad, into the other cars, only one or two of the male passengers remaining to help the porter fight the fire. This proved a herculean task, but was finally accomplished after the interiar decorations and wood work of the car had been almost entirely destroyed. When the express arrived at East Conemaugh, which was at 6:40, the car was cut from the train and run in on a siding. Later it was attached to the second section of Pacific Express and taken to Pittsburg for repairs. The exterior of the car showed no signs of the fire that raged within.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Nov. 14, 1888:

Harry McDowell and Rebecca F. Mangus, Millville.

William H. Claridge and Tracy O'Neill, Morrellville.

John Kerr and Emily C. Johnston, Hastings, Susquehanna township.

John B. Ducoty and Annie M. Brotz, Cambria.

John P. Groom and Jennie H. Grimes, Portage.

John F. Mulcer and Sarah C. Jordan, Chest Springs.

Theodore M. Gray and Cora M. Van Ormer, Reade township.

George R. McIntosh and Julia A. Wallace, Lilly.

Jacob Erb, Adams township and Alice B. Houser, Johnstown.

Elisha Mahan Ebensburg, and Annie Kershner, Cambria township.

Daniel A. Miller and Sarah A. Lamer, White township.

Frank W. Suder and Mary Elizabeth Kelly, Franklin.

William P. Boyd and Margret A. Wright, Johnstown.

Joseph Sigrist and Margret Haus, Cambria.

August Puhala and Anna Frankofska, Cambria.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

Opinion of the Supreme Court.

Below we publish the opinion of the Supreme Court in the Ebensburg borough case.

In the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania Western District. No. 160 October Term, Filed Oct. 29, 1888. Appeal of T. Mason Richards, Burgess of Ebensburg borough. From the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co. Argued Oct. 1888. Clark, J.

A preliminary injuction was awareed in this case on the 30th of March, 1888, with leave to the defendant to move to have it dissolved on five day's notice. A motion to dissolve having been made, and notice given, the parties met for argument of that motion, 9th April, 1888, when a continuance was had, at the instance of the plaintiff, for the purpose of taking testimony to be read at the hearing, and a "commissioners" or examiners were appointed for that purpose. On the 8th of June, 1888, the report of the examiner was filed, and on the 2nd of July, 1888, the opinion of the court was filed and the decree entered. An answer would appear to have been drawn, under oath on the 7th of April, 1888, but it does not appear when it was filed, whether before or after the decree, or indeed, whether it was filed at all.

The decree is in the form of a final decree, but, as the testimony was taken and the argument had on the motion to dissolve the preliminary injunction, the action of the Court thereon was presumably intended as an order for the continuance of the preliminary injunction until final hearing.

What is known as the borough of Ebensburgh, was originally incorporated by special Act of Assembly, 15th of January, 1825, under the corporate name of The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Ebensburg. It is alleged on part of the plaintiff, however, that upon proper application of the said Borough, to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Cambria county, in the year 1857 The Burgess and Town Council of the Borough of Ebensburg" became by the decree of said court subject to the restrictions and possessed of the powers and privileges conferred by the Act of 3rd April, 1851, known as the General Borough Law, but that the proceedings and decree of the said court have been lost or destroyed.

At the hearing on a motion to dissolve the plaintiff attempted to show the execution and loss of this record, and by secondary evidence to establish its contents. To this it was objected that a lost record could not in this way be established by parol, that the record should first be supplied under the provisions of the 26th section of the Act of 25th of April, 1850 P. L. 593; whilst doubtless this is the better practice where there is opportunity to pursue it. There can be no question that after proof of the loss, its contents may be proved, like any other document, by any secondary evidence, where the case does not from its nature disclose the existence of other and better evidence. 1st Greenlief Evidence—Sec. 509; Adam vs. Betz, 1st Watts—425; Harvey vs. Thomas 10 Watts—63; Loughrey vs. McCullough, 1st Pa.—503; Farmer's Bank vs. Gilson, 6 Pa.—51; Miltimore vs. Miltimore, 40 Pa. 151; Clark vs. Trimble, 32 Penn. 492 1st Wharton's Evidence 135 and 136, and cases there cited. In Miltimore vs. Miltimore, supra Mr. Justice Thompson delivering the opinion of the court says: "The existence of the power in the court to supply lost records does not interfere with the rule of evidence, which admits proof of contents The loss may not be discovered until the trial is progressing there would be no time then to file a bill on the Chancery side of the court to perpetuate the proof necessary for a foundation from which to supply the record; and it might be disastrous to one or other of the parties to delay the cause for such a purpose."

But, assuming the power of the court, in this respect is must be conceded that the evidence offered, was wholly inadequate to the purpose. To authorize memointer proof of a lost document or record, the witness must have read it, or otherwise have actual knowledge of it, and be able to speak at least to the substance of the contents. 1st Wharton Evidence—140; Cox vs. England, 65 Penn.—212; the same kind and measure of proof is required as in the case of the law of other documents.

We will not refer to the evidence in this case or discuss it. We merely call attention to the character and quality of the proof required. In order that the case may be properly presented on final hearing. The question, upon the construction of the Act of the 3rd of April, 1851, as to the duties and powers of the Burgess, under the evidence, is not presented in this case. The testimony taken by the examiner, treated as injunction affidavits is wholly insufficient. We give no opinion upon the construction of the Act of 1851, until the question is properly raised, for our consideration.

The decree is reversed and the preliminary injunction dissolved without prejudice to the right of the plaintiff to proceed upon his bill by final hearing and decree.

Wanted.

Every reader of this paper to thoroughly understand that physicians and superintendents of hospitals do not lend their names to anyone to use in connection with an article to advertise, unless, indeed, it reflects credit on both the name and the profession. Yet they cheerfully indorse Klein's Silver Age Rye Whisky over their signatures, and why? *Because it really is what it is claimed for it*—the best stimulant now known in the market. It is very cheap, only $1.50 per full quart. Ask your druggist for it, and use no other. One bottle possibly may save a sufferer much pain. It is not a cure-all, as claimed by would-be competitors, but is a pure stimulant, whose equal is not to be found in the market. Address, for further information, Max Klein, 82 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa.

Hay Fever.

I have been afflicted with hay fever from early in August until frost. My eyes would run a stream of water and I sneezed continually. I was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like a charm and I can say I am entirely cured.—Mrs. Emeline Johnson, Chester, Conn.

I have been for several years a sufferer from hay fever and severe head colds. I have found nothing that can compare with Ely's Cream Balm. I would not be without it for any consideration. It is simply wonderful in its effect upon the nasal organs.—S. A. Burtt, Wilmington, N. C.

S. A. JOHNSTON, A. J. BUCK, A. W. BUCK.

ESTABLISHED 1872. Johnston, Buck & Co. BANKERS. Ebensburg, Penn'a. A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888. Carrolltown Bank, Carrolltown, Pa. T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended.

Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of *Fieri Facias, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias* and *Venditioni Exponas* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

MONDAY, DEC. 3rd, 1888.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following real estate to wit:

All the right, title, and interest of Lucinda Bingle, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in Lower Yoder township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: Having a front of 60 feet on an alley and extending back the same width 199½ feet to the line of lot No. 19 and 174 feet along the line of lot No. 17 to public road and being lot No. 18 on plan of lots laid out by Isaac C. Chandler, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and plank stable, now occupied by Edward C. Bingle and Lucinda Bingle his wife. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Commissioners of Cambria Co., Pa.

Also, all the right, title, and interest of P. F. Flenner, Samuel Flenner and Geo. W. Flenner, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in Adams township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Adjoining lands of Wm. Penrod on the east, land of George Lamb on the west, lands of Wm. Custer on the north, and by others on the south, containing 50 acres more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank house. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Commissioners of Cambria county.

Also, all the right, title, and interest of Patrick Fleming, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the borough of Prospect, Cambria county, Pa., fronting on the Johnstown and Ebensburg road, having school house lot on the south, lot of Patrick Tigh on the north and lands of the Cambria Iron Co. on the east, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings now in the occupancy of Patrick Fleming. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Commissioners of Cambria county, and others.

Also, all the right, title, and interest of Michael Maley and Mrs. Mary Maley, of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the borough of Tunnelhill, Cambria county., Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Fronting on Main street and adjoining property of Michael Killpuff on the north, John Trainer on the South and John Bradley on the west, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings not now occupied. Taken in the suit of Michael Maley and to be sold at the suit of Michael Bracken.

Also, all the right, title, and interest of Michael McBride, of, in and to all that certain lot or piece of ground situated in Millville borough, Cambria county Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at the corner of Union street and land of Benjamin Benshoff, thence along land of Benjamin Benshoff north 65½ degrees west 165 feet to an alley, thence along said alley 35½ feet to lot No. 57, thence along the line of said lot south 35½ degrees west 99 feet to Union street, thence along the line of Union street 61 feet to the place of beginning, having thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings now in the occupancy of Joseph Shafer. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of the Commissioners of Cambria county.

TERMS OF SALE—

One third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two-thirds on the confirmation of the deed.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1888.

Register's Notice.

The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs legatees and all others interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 5, 1888.

1st. First and final account of John Friedhoff, administrator of F. H. Sedlmeyer, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.

2d. First and final account of Conrad Diefenbaugh, administrator of John Diefenbaugh late of Stony Creek township, deceased.

3rd. First and final account of Joseph Miller, administrator of James McGough, late of Summerhill township, deceased.

4th. The first account of James A. Parish, one of the executors of Edward Parish, late of Cambria township, deceased.

5th. Fourth account of the trustees of George Fritz, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

6th. First account of Annie E. Class and W. J. Buck, administrators of Henry Glass late of Allegheny township deceased.

7th. Second and final account of George Bending, guardian of Jennie Bending, miner child of John Bending, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

8th. First and final account of John Arthurs, executor of the last will and testament of Jane Deegan, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

9th. First and final account of Rueben E. Linton, administrator of Henry C. Dishong, late of Millville borough, deceased.

10th. First and final account of Elizabeth Mattil, late of Carrolltown borough, deceased.

11th. First and final account of Jacob Yeackley, executor of Jacob Fosler, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased.

12th. Third and partial account of Henry J. Hopple, executor of Henry Hopple, late of Carrtown borough, deceased.

13th. First and final account of administrators of James Caddy, late of Johnstown borough deceased.

14th. Account of B. O. Miller, administrator of Amanda Miller, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

15th. First and partial account of Peter Robine, Jr., et. al., executors of Christopher Robine, late of Lilly borough, deceased.

16th. First and final account of Joseph A. Gray, trustee to sell real estate of Bernard Dungan, late of Clearfield township, deceased.

17th. The first account of William M. Dodson, trustee of the estate of Joseph Fieldhouse, late of Millville borough, deceased.

18th. The account of Joseph P. Layton, executor of John M. Davis, late of Johnstown.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Register.

Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1888.

Sheriff's Sales.

By virtue of sundry writs of *Fieri Facias* and *Venditoni Exponas* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to me directed there will be exposed to public sale at the Mansion House in Johnstown on

SATURDAY, DEC. 1st, '88,

AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

the following real estate to wit:

All the right title, and interest of John R. Bowen of, in and to all that certain lot of ground situated in the borough of Prospect, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Fronting 50 feet on Quarry street and extended back 106 feet adjoining —— on the east and —— on the west. Having thereon erected a two-story frame house and other out-buildings now in the occupancy of John R. Bowen. Taken in execution and the be sold at the suit of Ambrose Spangler.

All the right, title, and interest of Appleton Dimond of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in East Taylor township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: Having the Ebensburg and Johnstown pike on north and adjoining lands of Zachariah Varner and John Hagan, containing about forty-five acres more or less, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and other outbuildings now in the occupancy of M——. Dimond. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Andrew Yeagley, assignee of Hugh Greenwood.

All the right, title, and interest of Adam Vickroy, of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in West Taylor township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining land of George Keahle on the north, land of Peter Bumbaugh on the east and Jonas Goughnour on the west, containing about twenty-one acres more or less, having thereon erected a two-story frame house and log barn. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of John Dibert.

All the right, title, and interest of David Fallon of, in and to all that certain piece or parcel of land situated in Conemaugh township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, viz: On the north by Simon Cittes, on the west by W. R. Griffith, and on the south and east by the Cambria Iron Company, containing about six acres more or less. Taken in execution and sold at the suit of S. Klinordinger.

TERMS OF SALE—

One-third of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down and the remaining two-thirds on the confirmation of the deed.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Pa., November 8th, 1888.

Widows' Appraisement.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named appraisements of property appraised and set apart for widows of decedents under the Act of Assembly of the 4th of April A. D. 1851, has been filed in the Registers office, in and for the County of Cambria, and will be presented to the Orphans Court of said County for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday the 5th day of December, A. D. 1888.

No. 1. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Annie Rager, widow of William A. Rager deceased. $300.

No. 2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property and real estate appraised and set apart for Elizabeth Reese, widow of Reese Reese, deceased. $300.

No. 3 Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Mary Stehle, widow of Max Stehle, deceased $600.

No. 4. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Margaret Jones, widow of David Jones, deceased. $300.

No. 5. Inventory and appraisement of certain personal property appraised and set apart for Annie Brookbank, widow of David Brookbank, deceased. $300.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Register.

Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1888.

Trial List.

DECEMBER TERM.

SECOND WEEK.

E. Deemer & Co. ..... vs. Guyer.
Clark ..... vs. Zimmerman.
Rauch ..... vs. Twyman.
Winn ..... vs. Penn'a R. R. Co.
Swank ..... vs. Baker.
Slick ..... vs. Dodson.
Porter ..... vs. McGlade
Buck & Co. ..... vs. Tunnelhill Sch'l dist.
Bonanoe ..... vs. Enterprise Lum'r Co.
Burchart ..... vs. Diller.
Gray ..... vs. Same.
Berkebile ..... vs. Sonsebaugh.
Christy ..... vs. Milliken.
Leahey ..... vs. Greevy & Co.
Marshall ..... vs. Peden.
Hopple ..... vs. Boland.
Use Stich ..... vs. Hipps & Lloyd.
Donahoe ..... vs. Judy.
Same ..... vs. Scott.
Marshall ..... vs. Miller.
Abernathy ..... vs. Benn.
Stabler ..... vs. Craver.
Edwards ..... vs. Dimond.
Peden ..... vs. Marshall.
McCloskey ..... vs. Taylor & McCoy et al.

M. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1888.

FOR SALE.—House and lot in Ebensburg, Pa. A never failing spring, stable and outbuilding on premises. Inquire at E. Dufton & Son, hardware store.

Ebensburg, Oct. 12, 1888.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said court on the first Monday of December next unless cause be shown to the contrary.

First and final account of Isaac Yoder, assignee of Moses D. Eash et ux.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 16, 1888.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Patrick G. Riley, late of Ebensburg, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES RILEY.
Executor of P. G. Riley, dec'd.

Ebensburg, Oct. 12, 1888.—6t.

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber in Reade township on or about the fifteenth of June, 1888, a red and white spotted heifer with crumpled horns, no other marks to be seen, aged about thirty months. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be disposed of as the law directs.

B. F. MYERS,

Reade Twp., Oct. 19, 1888.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of James McDermitt, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and all persons having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement to MRS. BRIDGET WILLS.

Adm'x of James McDermitt, dec'd.

Clearfield Twp., Oct. 12, 1888.—6t.

STATE of Pennsylvania, County of Cambria, S S. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the heirs and legal representatives of George Gallagher, deceased.

GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphan's Court, at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on the first Monday of December next, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why a certain tract of land in Gallitzin township, Cambria county, Pa., owned by George Gallagher, deceased, should not be sold to John M. Nagle and Robert H. Splendley. Herein fail not. Witness the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Orphans' Court, at Ebensburg, this 1st day of October, A. D. 1888.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Clerk O. C.
JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1888.—3t.

NOTICE.—To Horatio N. Burroughs or his legal representatives. You are hereby notified that on the 3rd day of September, 1888, Henry Becher presented his petition to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., praying said court to make an order directing satisfaction to be entered on a certain mortgage executed by Hugh McNeal to Horatio N. Burroughs on certain land situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., which mortgage is dated the 5th day of January 1850 and is recorded in record book of said county in vol. 9 pages 307 and 308. In accordance with the Act of Assembly of June 10, 1881.

You are therefore required to appear at said court on Monday, December 3d, 1888, and show cause why said order as prayed for should not be made.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, Oct. 22d, 1888.—4t.

STATE of Pennsylvania, County of Cambria, S S. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the heirs and legal representatives of Patrick Cassiday, deceased.

GREETING: You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court, at Ebensburg, in and for said county, on the 3rd day of December next, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why satisfaction should not be entered on a recognizance of Peter Cassiday, wherein he was bound to pay the other heirs of said decedent the amounts due them in the partition of certain real estate of decedent by decree of said court made July 30th 1830. Herein fail not.

Witness the Hon. Robert L. Johnston, President judge of our said Orphans' Court, at Ebensburg, this 3rd day of September, A. D. 1888.

JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.
CELESTINE J. BLIAR Clerk O. C.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Oct. 26, 1888.

Trial List.

SPECIAL TERM, NOV. 26th, 1888.

Cordell ..... vs. Gates.
Tallman ..... vs. Dwelling House Insurance Co.
Cambria Iron Co. ..... vs. J. L. Christy et al.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Prot h'y Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 2, 1888.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cosy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALITY.

Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Golden Pellets. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Farm Notes.

After the wheat has been threshed the straw is stacked in the barnyard and the stock turned in to eat a portion while trampling the larger proportion in the mud. The hay is carefully stored in the barn loft, while the cornstalks remain in the shocks and are left in the fields to topple over and become wasted. Every pound of hay saved is a pound gained, and with more care of the straw and stalks the hay will winter a large number of cattle. The straw is considered of but little value, yet the farm can be impoverished by selling off the straw. Of inorganic matter 1000 pounds of wheat contain less than a pound of lime, but little over two pounds of potash, and not as much as a pound of phosphoric acid, though containing largely of starch and nitrogen. The straw contains in its composition nearly three times as much lime as the grain, and three times as much phosphoric acid. These proportions are seemingly small, but they amount to a large quantity where hundreds of tons of straw are grown. Over 50 pounds of ash exist in 1000 pounds of straw, which is more than double the amount of ash in the grain, and in feeding value the wheat is well worth being cared for, as four tons of straw are equal to one ton of the best hay.

Experiments appear to have proven that acid apples with white flesh make the best product when dried. In large establishments apples are prepared for the evaporator by machines that pare, core and slice the apples in one operation. Hand prepared fruit, not being divided into uniform pieces, does not dry as evenly and present as attractive appearance. Some manufacturers place the apples when they come from the parer into a solution of salt and water—one pint of salt to ten gallons of water. This is thought to cut the gum on the fruit and clean it, also to prevent fermentation and acid in bleaching.

A Minnesota grain grower says that any farmer can have good seed if he will constantly practice careful selection. In the spring of 1883 he procured from a dealer fifteen kernels of Welcome oats for trial. He has raised four crops from these oats, and their produce, the last giving him 124 bushels, machine measure, and they are the heaviest oats in the market.

An exchange remarks that when trees or shrubs are set in habitually dry ground, a pail or two of water, applied when the trees are planted and when the hole is two-thirds filled in, will be beneficial. If the hole be then filled with loose earth, and a mulch of straw added, the roots will be likely to keep moist throughout the season, and the ground will not become packed on the surface.

Given in winter cooked food—fed slightly warm, as it is pretty sure to be—is eaten more rapidly and does more good than that uncooked. Cows increase their yield of milk on it, and all animals thrive better than previously.

When vegetables are stored in cellars they must be kept from fermenting, as they surely will ferment when piled in large bulk. This may be accomplished by piling on as to allow some circulation of air among them, or by packing in barrels.

Raising Frogs for Market.

Ever since American epicures developed a taste for the legs of frogs, about twenty-five or thirty years ago, the possibility of raising frogs in private ponds as trout are raised has received a deal of attention. Among those who have tried it is Mr. Fred Mather, the fish culturist of Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. The late Seth Green also experimented with frog spawn for two years. Mr. Mather says that it is no trouble at all to gather frog spawn and hatch millions of polliwogs, and the polliwogs may be easily fed on both meat and vegetables, for they eat both. So far, raising frogs is easy. But when it comes to caring for the frog after he has left the tadpole state the enterprise fails. Mr. Mather says he finds, as Seth Green did, that all that was necessary was to procure insects in sufficient quantities to feed the frogs, but no one can procure the insects. Meat and vegetables such as table refuse won't do—even good meat alone is not frog food, and Mr. Mather says that if it were it would cost too much. To make frog culture a success the culturist must at the same time become a breeder of beetles, flies, musquitoes and other insects and snails.

Mr. Mather says that even if the insects could be raised for food the possibility of making a frog pond pay would not be great. Big frogs eat up the little ones for one thing, and besides that it takes several—perhaps 10—years for a frog to reach a marketable size. The actual time required for growth is not known, but Mr. Mather says that many of the polliwogs do not get their legs until the next season after they are hatched, which shows they are of very slow growth.

Occasionally a story describing a frog farm has been printed in some of the papers. Mr. Mather says he has investigated every story that seemed to be true and found them all apocryphal. He concludes that frog culture is a delusion and that a paying frog farm cannot now and probably never will be established.

For a good, everyday household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield nor life one unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no woman should be without. We are not all born with the sunshine in our hearts, as the Irish prettily phrase it, but we can cultivate a cheerful sense of humor if we only try.

STRENGTH of character is not mere strength of feeling. It is a resolute restraint of strong feeling. It is unyielding resistance to whatever would disconcert from without or unsettle us from within.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and successful Blood Purifier Superior to quinine

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

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IS THE FINEST AND BEST.

Unequalled in Construction. Elegant in Design.

It stands at the head of all good organs. Those who desire to have the best organ should acquaint themselves with the merits of our instruments. Don't take our word for what we say, but see and test our instruments. If no dealer sells our organs in your locality, write to the factory.

BUY NO OTHER.
Address, MILLER ORGAN CO.,
Catalogues, &c., free. LEBANON, Pa.

"PEERLESS"
LEADS THE WORLD.
$300 in Gold for General Superiority at Cincinnati Industrial Exposition after full trial and Expert test.

"Peerless" Traction and Portable Engines. "Domestic" and Creamery Engines. Steam Gang Plows. The "Geiser" Thresher and Cleaner.

Patent Variable Friction Feed. Pat. Dogs. Set Works and Saw-Guide.

Latest Improved and cheapest Saw-Mill on the market. Send for catalogues to the
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We want agents and invite correspondence.

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The only firm in Penn'a who make a specialty of Kentucky Saddle and Driving Horses, Draught and Pit Mules and keep constantly in their stables one hundred head of Mules, all sizes, from four feet to the large mule weighing 1400 lbs., are D. Armbein & Co., 52 Second Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Mules shipped to all parts of the State on order. Nothing but No. 1 picked stock to be found in their stables.
Correspondence solicited.

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CURES COUGHS & COLDS
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Dep., Woonsocket, R. I.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE,
St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,
VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE
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THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.
NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

DR. DIX'S CELEBRATED FEMALE POWDERS are safe and always effectual. Used by 10,000 American women. Unsurpassed superior to all other remedies, or cash refunded. Sent by mail, $1. Dr. Particulars 10c. Dr. Dix, 37 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Life of HENRY WARD BEECHER bound in cloth by Bonnycastle, giving his life from his birth to his death. Every One Delighted. Extraordinary prospect.
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Station D, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CONSUMPTION
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles FREE, to any sufferer who will give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guaranteed. Office, 631 Arch street, Philadelphia. Aldruggist. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1883-1y.

WE want SALESMEN everywhere, local and traveling, to sell our goods. Will pay good salary and all expenses. Write for terms at once, and state salary wanted. STANDARD SILVERWARE COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

The Woodchuck's Burrow.

Through some parts of the State of Connecticut it would be hard to pick out a clover field of any size that did not have a woodchuck burrow in some of it. Sometimes they choose a site somewhere under the stone wall which surrounds the field, or if there is a large rock, as is often the case, anywhere about the middle of the field, the animal will burrow under this as a very choice location. Finally the roots of an old apple-tree or other tree are often chosen for its stronghold, the burrow being dug down among them, the owner seeming to possess a realizing sense that no man would ever dream of attempting to dislodge him from such quarters. As is the case with excavations made for their habitations by most fossorial mammals, the burrow of a woodchuck at first decends obliquely into the earth, then passes nearly horizontally for several feet, rises moderately for the last half of its length to terminate in quite a spacious and round chamber, which constitutes the "living room" of the entire family. In it the female brings forth her litter and the young remain there until they pair off and dig their own homes elsewhere.

Such a burrow may be at least thirty feet in length, so long that one never thinks of digging a woodchuck out, but I have seen farmers bring up two or three barrels of water on a cart and drown the occupant of this subterranean establishment at short notice and rejoice most heartily if the pair and perhaps sever or eight quarter-grown young are caught in at the same time. Very often I have captured them in steel traps set at the mouth of the burrow, taking the precaution to sprinkle it carefully over with fine dirt. One old woodchuck, I remember, constructed his burrow almost in the center of a twenty-acre clover lot, and every attempt to capture him in any kind of a trap utterly failed. It was the rarest thing in the world to even catch him standing up at the entrance of his burrow during the day, but frequently we would see him just head and shoulders out of it. It seems to me I must have fired thirty or forty times at him under such circumstances from the other side of the stone wall which surrounded the field, and that too, with a heavy old-fashioned muzzle-loading Kentucky rifle, which at seventy five to a hundred yards was good nearly every time for all small game. But here every shot failed, a cloud of dust would puff at the very entrance of the burrow each time and I would confidently walk over to pick him out, but no, next day he was there again, looking out as smiling as ever. He was captured finally by my cruelly tying a Colt's revolver to a stout stake driven down within a few feet of the burrow and training the aim down the entrance and then tying a long string to the trigger. I waited behind the wall till he again showed himself when the success of the device sealed his doom.

The Care of Lamps.

People who live in houses lighted by gas escape much that is disagreeable in the care of lamps—or their lack of care. But the Kerosene lamp is the almost universal illuminator.

The best light is obtained from a lamp where the surface of the oil is at all times at the same distance from the burning part of the wick. Where the reservoir containing the oil is directly under the burner, as in most common lamps, the blaze burns less brightly as the oil decreases and the wick grows more tarty in supplying it. We need an improvement in hand lamps on this account.

The wick serves principally to elevate the oil, the combustion of its own substance being very slight, but there is a choice in wicks. Felt wicks are preferable to woven, as they can be more easily trimmed to give a good shaped blaze. Some housewives in trimming a wick will cut off all the black every day. This is undesirable, for by pinching off the loose fibers and smoothing over the top a better light is obtained. The inside of the oil reservoir should be carefully cleansed with soda dissolved in water (tea spoonful to a quart of water.) Be careful to drain and dry them well. This can be done easily by standing them in the open oven a few moments. Do not let the soda and water come in contact with any bronze or gilt about the outside of the lamp.

Oil should be strained before it is put into a glass lamp. The burners should be boiled in soda water once in a month or two. If you live in or near where there is a factory in which brass is handled take the burners there and have them dipped. It will cost but a few cents, and they will look like new. Some burners give an excellent light especially for winter, as they heat like a small stove. One will very quickly raise the temperature, in an ordinary sized room, five degrees. People practice economy in all ways and use widely different means of saving a little, which is a good thing to do—but don't for the sake of your eyes and health economize by using poor, worn out burners on your lamps, which render combustion imperfect, and would be none too good if new.

Gathered Treasures.

Make each day a critic on the last.

In to-day already walks to-morrow.

What men want is not talent—it is purpose.

Falsehood may have its hour but it has no future.

A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market.

Thought is the property of those only who can entertain it.

The present hour is always the solemn hour, the past has ceased to exist, the future is out of reach.

Success in life is a matter not so much of talent or opportunity, but of concentration and perseverance.

Whatever a man cannot amend, either in himself or in others, he ought to bear patiently until God orders otherwise.

A man who has not some woman, somewhere, who believes in him, has reached a point where self-respect is gone.

LACTATED FOOD
Possesses many Important Advantages over all other prepared Foods.
BABIES CRY FOR IT.
INVALIDS RELISH IT.
Makes Plump, Laughing, Healthy Babies. Regulates the Stomach and Bowels.
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Baby Portraits.
A Portfolio of beautiful baby portraits, printed on fine plate paper by patent photo process, sent free to Mother of any Baby born within a year. Every Mother wants these pictures; send at once. Give Baby's name and age.
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It's Easy to Dye WITH **DIAMOND DYES**

Superior IN Strength, Fastness, Beauty, AND Simplicity.
Warranted to color more goods than any other dyes ever made, and to give more brilliant and durable colors. Ask for the *Diamond*, and take no other. 36 colors; 10 cents each.
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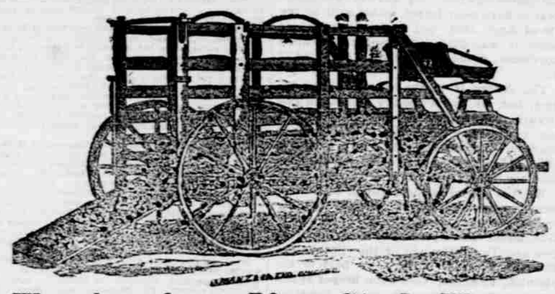
Gold, Silver, Bronze, Copper. Only 10 Cents.



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For the Use of Butchers and Stockmen. Saves Time, Labor and Expense.
No danger to the animal you are conveying, or to your horses. The animal does not get heated up, but is ready to kill as soon as it reaches the slaughter-house, and your meat is sound and healthy when it is brought to the block.
Ask for Catalogue "B." For prices, terms and circulars, address
SHIPMAN BRADT & CO., DeKalb, Ills.

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PAID-UP CAPITAL STOCK, $200,000.
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BUSINESS AND PLEASURE VEHICLES.
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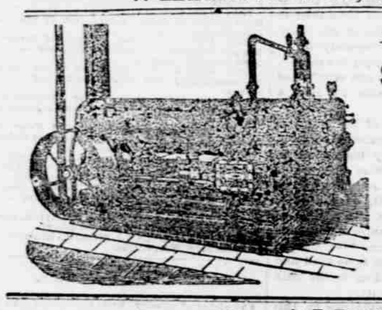

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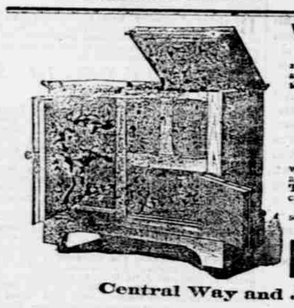

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LINED WITH
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FREE FOR MEN ONLY **VIGOROUS HEALTH**
PACKAGE. Contains a large proportion of the Specific Medicine used in the treatment of over 2000 cases successfully treated by one of the most noted Specialists in this country.
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A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and Physical Decay, Impotency, Lost Manhood, Premature Old Age, Mental Anxiety, Loss of Memory, Etc. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases they absolutely restore prematurely aged and broken down men to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health.
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RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliance. Ask for Terms.
TREATMENT.—One Month, $2. Two Mos. $3. Three, $5
HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mfg Chemists,
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OILS! OILS!
The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a specialty of manufacturing for the domestic trade, the finest brands of
Illuminating : and : Lubricating : Oils,
NAPHTHA AND GASOLINE
THAT CAN BE MADE FROM PETROLIUM.
If you wish the most uniformly satisfactory oils in the market ask for ours.
Trade for Ebensburg and Vicinity Supplied by
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NOT DEAD YET!
VALLIE LUTTRINGER,
MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE
AND TIN ROOFING.
Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, or manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.
No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.
TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.
Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices. V. LUTTRINGER,
Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

SEND YOUR ORDERS FOR
CANDEE RUBBERS
TO
H. CHILDS & CO.
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS,
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AGENTS
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To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENEVA, N. Y.
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Important to Canvassers.
WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 93 Reade St., N. Y.

How the Tiger Kills and Eats.

In a paper read before the Bombay Natural History Society recently, and published in its journal, Mr. Inverarity, a noted *shikari*, discussed the habits of the tiger, and especially the mode in which it kills and eats its prey. Some think he seizes by the throat, others by the nape of the neck from above.

Mr. Inverarity has examined scores of slain animals with special reference to this point, and in every case but one the throat was seized from below. The exception was an old boar who had been seized by the back of the neck from above. One of a single file of villagers who was once seized by the nape of the neck by a man eater, but saved by his companions, had no idea when he recovered his senses what had happened. Whether dislocation of the neck takes place is doubtful.

The tame hunting leopards always kill by pressure on the windpipe, without breaking the skin; possibly the tiger kills in the same way. It is only by accident, if at all, that tigers in killing sever any important vein or artery, and no blood to speak of flows from the throat wounds. Very large and powerful animals like the bull, buffalo, and bison, if attacked at all, are in the first instance attacked from the rear, with a view to disable them.

Having killed, the tiger almost invariably begins eating a hind quarter, consuming one or probably both. Sometimes he leaves the stomach and intestines as they are; sometimes he will remove them to one side, making a neat parcel of them. A tiger and tigress together will finish an ordinary sized animal at one meal, leaving only the head. In this case it is probable that the second begins at the fore quarter. Animals are never eaten where they are killed, but are always dragged a short distance. They are not lifted clear off of the the ground, but dragged.

Having gorged himself, the tiger lies close by his prey, but if it is hot weather and there are hills in the neighborhood, he will go a long distance off before resting for the day. He prefers to lie in a cool cave or in a breeze on the hill side than in the close, hot jungle.

He returns next night and finishes what is left, but he never eats a second time on the same spot, dragging the remains of the prey 40 or 50 yards off. Sportsman coming on a half-devoured animal and desiring to catch the tiger, tie the prey to a tree. The tiger takes about two hours' steady eating to finish the fore quarters of a bullock.

Mr. Inversarity sat over a small tigress one night who ate for ten minutes, then went away for twenty, probably to drink, and on her return ate steadily for two and a quarter hours. He did not fire, as he could not see her.

Tigers are cannibals: they will make their meals off each other. They are supposed to kill once in five or six days, and no doubt the tiger after a heavy feed does not care to hunt much for a few days; but tiger kills whenever he can. They have been known to kill on fourteen consecutive nights.

Mr. Inverarity believes that animals killed by tigers suffer little beyond the panic of a few seconds. The shock produces a stupor and dreaminess in which there is no sense of pain or feeling of terror. The powerful stroke of the fore paw of the tiger is a fiction; he clutches with his claws as one might with the fingers, but does not strike a blow.

Tigers wander immense distances at night, and, as they like easy going, they go on roads and paths. They do not like to move during the heat of the day, as the hot ground burns their pads and makes them raw. They can on occasion climb trees.

In Salsette one climbed after a cer Pandoo, but could not reach him, and retired. Pandoo, thinking the coast clear, got down and ran toward home, but on the way was caught by the tiger and killed.

The inquest report stated that "Pandoo died of the tiger eating him; there was no other cause of death. Nothing was left except some fingers, which probably belonged to the right or left hand." Natives have a belief that the ghosts of the man eater's victims ride in his head and warn him of danger, or point the way to fresh victims.

The Swells of the World.

I suppose everybody has noted that it is more difficult to pose as a swell in a big town than a small one. The same may be said in the cities of the world. It is somewhat on the following plan:

In Chicago—A man may be a swell if he has a pot of money. It is permissible to be engaged in business.

New York—Money first, foremost and forever, but no business that approaches the retail.

Vienna—Social eminence, particularly with women, military position, good family.

Berlin—Military prestige.

Paris—Money, manners, recklessness, originality in sin and a popular fad. Business not to be thought of.

London—Blood, title, but not necessarily money, if endowed with natural aptitude for imitating the leaders of fashion. No connection with any business venture, absolute correctness in every detail of attire and outward circumstance, and an endless amount of admiration for recognized social leaders.

It struck me that men of distinctive tendencies toward swelldom in Chicago missed the details small and attractive of both life and attire, while, to be frank, there are, in New York, very few men who approach anything like the standard reached by their models across the water.

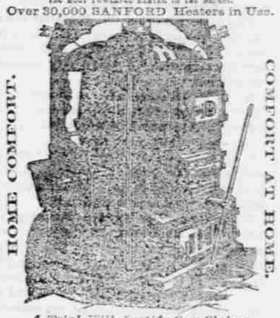
Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

GET into the habit of looking for the silver cloud, and when you have found it, continue to look at it, rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help you over many hard places.

THE CHEWERS OF
OLD HONESTY TOBACCO
WILL SOON FIND THAT IT LASTS LONGER, TASTES SWEETER THAN OTHER TOBACCOS, AND WILL PLEASE YOU.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND INSIST ON GETTING IT.
EVERY PLUG STAMPED LIKE ABOVE CUT.

THE SANFORD REFLECTOR
HOT-AIR FURNACE,
The Most POWERFUL HEATER in the Market.
Over 30,000 SANFORD Heaters in Use.



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Also Manufacturers of The Sanford Jewel Hollow-ware Heaters, The Sanford Ring Elevated Oven and Broiling Ranges, The Sanford Premier Range for French Flats and Apartment Houses, and the celebrated Air-Tight Stoves.
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The Sanford National Stove Works,
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To send us 40 cents for one of our

6-in. FARM WRENCHES.
Light, Handy and Strong, will Outwear and Outlast two Ordinary Wrenches.
YOU WANT
AN ELEGANT
Household S. D. Set.
This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screw drivers and 2 chisels fitting same), nickel plated, in wood box. This tool is a valuable useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Sent free on receipt of $1.00.
Ask Your Local Dealer
for them. If he has not got them, he will get them for you, or we will send either on receipt of price, as above. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue.
ELLRICH & CO.,
Plantsville, Conn.

MASON & HAMLIN
The cabinet organ was introduced in its present form by Mason & Hamlin in 1861. Other makers followed in the manufacture of these instruments, but the Mason & Hamlin Organs have always maintained their supremacy as the best in the world.
Mason & Hamlin claim for the exhibition of the unequalled excellence of their organs, the fact that at all of the great World's Exhibitions, since that of Paris, 1867, in competition with best instruments of Europe and America, they have invariably taken the highest honors. Illustrated catalogues, $22 TO $900, free.
Mason & Hamlin do not hesitate to make the extraordinary claim for their pianos, that they are superior to all others. They recognize the high excellence achieved by other leading makers in the art of piano building, but still claim superiority. This they attribute largely to the remarkable improvement introduced by them in the year 1889, and now known as the "MASON & HAMLIN PIANO SYSTEM," by the use of which greatest possible purity and refinement of tone, together with greatly increased capacity for standing in tune and other important advantages.
A circular, containing testimonials from three hundred purchasers, musicians, and owners, sent, together with descriptive catalogue, to any applicant.
Pianos and Organs sold for cash or easy payments; also rented.
MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO.
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

LAST OPPORTUNITY!
For CHEAP EXCURSION To
CALIFORNIA
$72 from St. Louis to San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Los Angeles and San Diego, and $60 from Kansas City, Atchison, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs to the same points.
Tickets are good for six months, limited to sixty days for going passage with stop over privileges at points within limit of ninety days' passage. Special excursion trains leave St. Louis and Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Railway, Iron Mountain Route and Texas & Pacific Railway, daily, for all points in California in the United States and Canada will sell tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco for this EXCURSION.

SALESMAN
WANTED
To sell nursery stock, full line of New and valuable Specialties, steady employment, at fixed Salaries and expenses or Commission. Address giving age and reference, O. L. YATES, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.
Nov. 7.—3t.

DR. HOBENSACK'S NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS.
A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, lack of energy and sexual impotency. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory, No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

When you want posters printed call at this office.

People who never would be Missed.

The intolerant man who sees no good in people who differ from him in religion or politics.

The man who thinks he is handsome, and in consequence of this illusion becomes something of a fool as he nears middle age.

The incessive talker, man or woman, who talks to you at all times and in all places, and never says anything you want to hear.

The woman who, having things to hide in her own life to conceal, thinks she can best keep them dark by assuming to be extremely proper, and showing neither charity or mercy to those whose errors came to light.

The man who reads aloud when not asked to do so.

The man who asks you how you are "getting along" as though he expected you to tell him everything about yourself, physically, social, domestic and financial.

The man or woman who cherishes spites at people for real or fancied wrongs and gets even by giving them digs behind their backs.

The suspicious person who sees evil in the most innocent actions, because evil is within him or her.

The sneerer, male or female, who chills everybody within sight by a polished sneer.

The man who talks overmuch about his ailments at table, or elsewhere.

The extremely young man who knows so much that he refuses to learn anything more as long as he lives.

The elderly man who assumes the fatherly to an offensive extent in his association with young and beautiful girls.

The man who accepts favors and returns none.

The man who sits crosswise in the horse-car and lets other men and women wipe the dirt off his shoes with their clothes as they pass him.

The man who carries his cane horizontally under his arm, to the peril of other people behind him.

The man who dyes his whiskers and thinks nobody knows it.

The old, old beau who has not yet learned that he has lost the power to charm.

The woman who was once a belle and refuses for the remainder of her days to fill any other role and at 60 is mincing croquets as much as she did at 18.

The too friendly friend who assumes takes charge of you, domineers over you, and otherwise annoys you until you break from him.

The perfect creature who has never sinned, in his own opinion.

The man who is a saint abroad and a devil at home.

The woman who sits behind you at the theater and talks all the time.

The woman who sits in front of you wearing a towering bonnet and bobs from side to side obstructing your view.

The woman who talks theater continually and the man who talks rag.

The friend who nudges you frequently at public entertainments and whispers his criticisms at the most absorbing points of the play.

The Home of the Hop.

Puyallup valley, the center of the hop industry of Washington Territory, has recently completed the harvesting of an enormous crop, and its farmers are congratulating themselves on the price obtained—twenty two cents per pound. The total cost, baled and delivered at the railroad, was nine cents, and the yield exceeded one ton to the acre.

The climate and soil of the Territory and of this particular valley are so well adapted to the growth of the plant, and its freedom from the pests of lice, mildew, and other drawbacks experienced elsewhere is here so uniformly complete that a maximum annual yield can be depended upon with the same certainty as the summer's sun.

The only "glorious uncertainty" about it is the market price. As the latter varies from five to one hundred and twenty five cents per pound, according to the supply and demand, the hop is truly exciting.

An extensive grower, with land at five cents per pound, finds himself able to meet his liabilities, while the following year the same hop yielding him a profit of $1,800 per acre if marketed at one dollar per pound.

As the land, cleared of timber and planted with vines, is worth from $250 to $500 per acre, to which must be added a dry kiln oven for drying and other preparations, a man of small means can only embark in the business on an extremely small scale.

The picking, which costs from one-half of the expense of raising, is done by hand and must be paid for in cash every night. It furnishes pleasant and agreeable employment for men, women and children. Indians and Chinese, the two latter of whom are expert pickers, and thoroughness. One dollar per day for holding the bushels is paid for picking, and nimble fingers are necessary to fill two boxes per day.

The drying of the herb in the oven is a delicate operation, requiring the experience of an expert, as its proper performance gives value to the commodity.

A Few Notions.

A drug man is not one who is drugged. He is the fellow who drugs other people.

A hotel man is not full of hash. He is full of bash.

A newspaper man is not made of newspapers. He is made of wind.

A saloon keeper does not keep a saloon. The saloon keeps him.

An agriculturist does not cultivate the ague now. It used to be his chief occupation, however.

A lawyer isn't a man who lets his fool client who does that.

A counterfeiter is not a man who fits a counter. A carpenter does that. So does a dude, sometimes.

Answer This Question

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.